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## EARTH.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

Earth is very fair!  
Earth's love clingeth to me!  
Blessed angels! ye who share  
Heaven-loves pure and strong, oh, tear  
These close earthly ties asunder,  
Ere their clasp undo me!

To the valleys, in the glory  
Of their summer pomp arrayed—  
To the giant mountains hoary—  
To the dewy woodland's shade—  
To the calm broad rivers, flowing  
Through the pastures murmuringly—  
To each grace of earth's bestowing,  
They have bound me lovingly:—

Blessed angels, blessed angels, from this bondage set me free!

Lo! I stand  
By the dim and misty margin  
Of an unknown strand,  
On the utmost verge of time;  
And God's great Eternity  
Seemeth ever fronting me  
With a solemn face sublime  
And a solemn beckoning hand:  
But—ah, me! ah, woe is me!—  
I shrink backward tremblingly;  
Shrink and cling to life's fruition,  
From the terrors of that vision,

From the unfolding of the portals of the shadowy spirit-land.

Blessed angels! let the shining  
Of your beauty light the gloom:  
Aid me, from your heaven inclining,  
In this hour of strife and doom!  
Close me round from earth's beguiling—  
From her lingering fond embrace—  
From her sunny sky's soft smiling,  
And the pleading in her face!  
Close me round, and with your singing,  
Into silence awe the crowd  
Of familiar voices ringing  
Round me, very clear and loud,—  
From the meadow-grasses springing,  
Dropping downward from the cloud.  
Close me round!—yet stronger groweth  
This undying love of mine,—  
Stronger as life's river floweth  
Nearer to its fount divine.  
Stronger—stronger, through all weeping—  
Through all prayers poured ceaselessly—  
Through all spirit-toil unsleeping—  
Through all depths of agony:

Angels!—God! above the angels!—from this bondage set me free!

## UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

*Pasilogie: an Essay towards the Formation of a System of Universal Language, both Written and Vocal; with Suggestions for its Dissemination throughout the World.* By the Rev. E. Groves. Orr & Co.

The revival of a subject so curious, and once commanding so much attention from the learned, as that here treated of, has the merit of a novelty,—for these days at least, and in England. In times so eminently practical, the reader may be provoked to smile at what he may regard as the most visionary of speculations;—yet is it one which at no distant period occupied the minds of the most profound thinkers in the world of letters. A subject which could occupy such writers as the Jesuit Kircher and our Bishop Wilkins, must have something intrinsically to recommend it; and we willingly suffer ourselves to be diverted somewhat out of our usual critical routine, to a matter calculated both to exercise and gratify the fancy. That his system—which must have cost him long protracted study—is as feasible in practice as rational in its theory, is the fixed persuasion of Mr. Groves's mind, no more to be shaken by argument than Prince Henry's Welsh blood was to be washed out by "all the waters of the Wye." Success to all heroes who mount their hobbies!—that is, when they do not ride over us, but promise to yield us entertainment, and even instruction, by their intellectual equitation.

Mr. Groves is sadly discouraged at "the diversity of characters and sounds employed, to express the same idea, by the several nations into which the great human family is divided;" and he justly regards this as "a main obstacle to the advancement of learning and the progress of civilization." Think for a moment on the vast number of distinct languages—with distinct characters, for the most part—in which knowledge is locked up, and rendered inaccessible to all but a small fraction of the great human unit. In his 'Mithridates,' Adelung gives us a list of some five hundred;—but there are probably that number in Asia alone, as many in Africa, and even more in America and Oceanica. Balbi comes nearer the truth when (in his 'Atlas Ethnographique') he raises the number

to full two thousand. The following estimate embraces scarcely half the number, but as many as have yet been ascertained:—

Language.	Population according to Balbi.	Average.
Europe . . . 53	227,700,000	5,240,000
Asia . . . 143	390,000,000	2,728,000
Africa . . . 115	60,000,000	520,000
America . . 482	39,000,000	81,000
Oceanica . 117	20,300,000	170,000
910	737,000,000	

We may incidentally observe, that the population assigned to each of these divisions is much under-rated; especially those of Asia and America—and perhaps Africa. But the number of languages, as we have said, may be more than doubled without any risk of exaggeration. In Australia alone there are probably a hundred:—this, at least, is certain, that natives living twenty miles apart cannot make themselves understood. Nor is the case very different in Africa. Mr. Walker, in his 'Missions in Western Africa,' says—

"Such is the general similarity that exists among the negro population of Western Africa, where there is enough of distinct feature to characterize each people and nation, especially the language of each, which is commonly so dissimilar to the others, as to be not merely a different dialect, but an essentially different language. Bosman observes—'Though the Gold Coast is not extended above 200 miles in length, yet we find there seven or eight several languages so different, that three or four of them are interchangeably unintelligible to any but the respective natives. The negroes of Janmore, ten miles above Axim, cannot understand those of Egira, Abocro, Ancober, and Axim.' The Mandingo tongue is difficult to acquire, abounding in gutturals; but it is the most commonly understood language throughout the whole region of Western Africa. By the intercourse of foreigners, however, with the coast, a kind of Lingua Franca has been produced, sufficient for the purposes of trade."

Then of the dialects,—some differ as much from the (reputed) parent stock as the English from the Latin. At a random guess (for conjectures of this kind must be speculative), the number of these has been computed at 11,000,—and it is probable that this computation falls far short of the amount. In his 'Linguarum totius Orbis Index,' Vater finds those of which there are grammars or dictionaries to amount, alone, to 329;—a number which at the present day may be safely raised to 400. These, of course, have, with few exceptions, characters of their own; and the diversity of their characters is, doubtless, one of the greatest obstacles which oriental students have to encounter. We are told that of this latter class of languages eight are monosyllabic,—the Chinese, Tibetan, Birman, Arkanese, Peguan, Siamese, Camboyan, and Anamite, or Cochin Chinese,—to which may, perhaps, be added the Korean. Yes; and two or three more in the New World,—the Cree, for instance, of which a grammar has been recently published by an old servant of the Hudson's Bay Company; and the case is the same, we believe, in regard to more than one language spoken in the Mexican and Peruvian territories. These languages, however, have no written characters.

What created intelligence, then, could hope to unlock all these doors of knowledge—for knowledge there is hiding amid the intricacies of the poorest of them all. In our school-days most of us have had a hard enough fight with only Latin and Greek; and if, in addition, we have laid in a store of French and German, we elect ourselves scholars whether our universities have done so or not. Yet, had we read all the books which these languages contain, we should have drawn but a bucket-full from the ocean of general information. Between most nations, therefore, knowledge may truly be said to be incommunicable. Nor is this the worst evil. It was long ago observed by the celebrated Augustine (Bishop of Hippo)—we must distinguish him from the English Apostle! that "linguarum diversitas hominem alienat ab homine." The diversities of language separate men, as the want of it does the beasts of the forest. Nay, the same author observes, that the beasts are more communicable than men ignorant of each other's language. "Nam si duo sibi invicem fiant obvia, neque praterire sed simul esse aliqua necessitate cogantur, quorum neuter norit linguam alterius, facilius sibi animalia muta, etiam diversi generis, quam illi, cum sint homines ambo, sociantur." How great an impediment to the diffusion of civilization is this want of a common medium for its most familiar and comprehensive expression!

Struck with the impossibility of intercommunication between nations, and the individuals of nations, thus *toto calo* divided by the very instrument which should be that of communication—speech, many writers have sighed for the adoption of a common tongue. As it would be hopeless to attempt making nations agree as to the selection of any one—each having probably a prejudice in favour of its own—it has been proposed to construct a symbolical language, on principles easy to be recognized by all. Is such construction possible?—and, if so, could its principles be rendered so demonstrably clear and advantageous as to insure its adoption by the world at large? There have been great names on both sides of the argument. Mr. Groves, of course, is for the affirmative. He contends, not only that the invention is possible,—which has been contended long before his time by some dozen of theorists, each of whom has manufactured what he calls a universal language,—but that he himself has produced a scheme of communication which, whether for vocal or written purposes, is wholly unexceptionable. If mankind be not downright fools, he is of opinion that it ought to be adopted by every nation on earth. His invention is not one of words or their meanings—but of a symbolic mode of intercourse applicable to all languages, and therefore to any one that might subsequently be selected as the grand universal medium of communication. This preference of the symbolic to the alphabetical system is designed to supersede all other systems,—in like manner as the Arabic notation (so recently introduced into Europe) has banished

ed the old Roman forms. Not only does he consider that his scheme is capable of meeting the comprehensiveness of the case, but that it is only one which could be devised capable of doing so. In the hieroglyphic system, however plainly the visible representations may appeal to our senses, the characters had, now a conventional, now a recondite meaning, to which the external figure bore little relation :—

"Three modes of forming a written language have been devised and reduced to practice—the hieroglyphic, the alphabetic, and the symbolic. By the hieroglyphic an attempt was made to convey ideas of corporeal objects by delineating their figures, and of intellectual objects, which are not the immediate objects of sense, by emblematical or figurative allusions to such as are corporeal; but this mode of writing is so obscure and defective that it has been practised only for special purposes, and is now falling altogether into disuse. The alphabetic mode of writing is an attempt, not to form a language, but merely to convey an idea of sounds from one person to another by means of the eye; to effect which, a very circuitous mode of procedure has been adopted, subjecting those who use it to great labour and inconvenience. Its invention indicates a powerful effort of human ingenuity; but, like the large and complicated machines that have been the first results of the mechanical inventions of ingenious men, the object to be accomplished is attained in an awkward and tedious manner. For in constructing this mode of notation it is necessary, first, to devise certain marks or characters to denote all the simple sounds of the human voice; these are called vowels, and in English are six, *a, e, i, o, u, y*. By their aid an imperfect approximation has been made to the delineation on paper of the sounds they are intended to express. Secondly, for the purpose of marking the various ways by which these sounds can be modified, another set of letters called consonants, and in English named *b, c, d, &c.*, has been contrived. These vowels and consonants we are taught to combine into syllables and words much labour and art, so that we are at length enabled, by means of a complication of rules and exceptions to these rules, to express, by the voice, in an intelligible, though imperfect manner, the sounds indicated by the letters. The symbolic mode of writing, which constitutes a language that has no necessary connexion with sound, is constructed precisely after the same manner that oral language must have been originally formed in every instance, a distinct mark or character being made to denote every distinct idea, exactly as a distinct sound, or modification or combination of sounds, expresses a distinct idea in oral language. In both cases the arrangement is arbitrary; and the signs made use of have a definite meaning only by being constantly employed to denote the same thing. Hence, it is evident that there is one great and radical distinction between the alphabetic and symbolic mode of writing. The former must be confined, in the first instance, to those persons who make use of one oral language only, and can be made to extend to none but those languages the knowledge of whose alphabetic language has been already acquired; whereas no such necessity exists as to symbolic notation, because its characters have a meaning totally unconnected with sounds of any kind, and therefore those who understand the characters can express the ideas they convey by any sounds that they have been accustomed to employ in their own oral language to denote the same object."

But is the general adoption of the hieroglyphic system at all practicable?—

"The great question however, still remains, as to the practicability of such a language. In taking a cursory survey of the literature of various nations, it appears that this system has been adopted to a considerable extent in China, and has even spread itself into the surrounding regions. The languages of Japan, Siam, and Cochinchina radically different from one another and from the Chinese, each of them being alphabetic, and the inhabitants of none of them understand the language spoken by any of the others; yet, books written by the Chinese are understood by the Japanese, Siamese, and Cochinchinese as well as the natives of China themselves; and the individuals of each country can correspond freely with one another through its medium."

Again :—

"In the eastern regions of Asia the advantage of using a written language familiar to its numerous nations, each speaking in a dialect of its own, is fully and extensively recognized. The written language of the Chinese, as has been already repeatedly remarked, is used as an organ of mutual communication, not only through the whole of China Proper, almost every province of which has its own peculiar vocal language, but also by the Japanese, Coreans, Annamites, Tibetans, and other nations in that part of the continent, and likewise in many of the large and thickly spread islands in its neighbourhood. It has been estimated that, on a moderate calculation, the Chinese written language is the ordinary mode of communication adopted by upwards of three hundred millions of souls,—a number far exceeding the total population of Europe."

The illustration drawn from the written language of China is certainly of some weight,—as it proves how generally a particular system of symbols may be received. And if actually received (as we are told it is) by a third of the human race, why might not a better be yet more extensively adopted?

But it ought to be observed, in qualification, that this almost universal agreement, in the case in question, is owing to anything rather than a mere conventional understanding,—to identity of race, similarity of religion, affinity (so far as roots are concerned) of language, and in some degree to political if not social, intercourse.

Of the various systems which have been publicly proposed, there are several which have attracted great notice,—but none has been judged calculated for universal reception. The first of which we have any detailed account was the production of a Spanish Jesuit, about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was founded on the arithmetical numbers, both Roman and Arabic—the former denoting the genus, the latter the species; and the designation of the individual, no less than of grammatical accidents, being left to certain dots, points, and marks of various kinds. This scheme was deficient in two great essentials—comprehensiveness and clearness; and it was by no means easy of acquirement. Its author was followed by a Frenchman (also anonymous), whose system is stated in the works of Des Cartes. This worthy went so far as to devise a grammar and dictionary of a wholly new language: the former so regular in its forms (the conjugations and declensions being determined by affixes and suffixes) as to be learnt in six hours,—the latter so uniform in its relations as to set error and obscurity at defiance. But the grand objection to this scheme was, that it involved the necessity of fixing in the memory some thousands of words;—and everybody reasonably thought that, however philosophical in its construction the new mode of communication might be, the time which it required would be better employed in mastering one already known.—Contemporary with both the preceding, and indebted to neither for his plan, was an Englishman (a native of Ipswich), Mr. Cave Beck—who beat the Frenchman hollow :—

"The characters chosen by him are the ten Arabic numerals,—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0,—which he proposes to pronounce, *ain, too, tray, for or fo, fai, sic, &c.* The combinations of these characters, intended to express all the

radical words in any language, are to be arranged in numerical order, from unity to 10,000, which number he thinks sufficient to express all words in general use and to each number is to be annexed the word in any language, as English, of which it is the symbol, thus forming a numerical vocabulary. The same words are also to be arranged in another vocabulary, in the alphabetical order of the language they belong to, each having affixed to it the number that stands for its symbol in the former vocabulary. Thus each of these serves for a key to the other. Hence it appears that every language must be supplied with two vocabularies,—the one numerical or symbolical, the other alphabetical. There is also to be a list of about 200 supplementary characters, to be used for the parts of compound words most frequently repeated, as *in, mis, con, trans, &c.*, and for such simple words as are in most frequent use: these are to be expressed, not by numbers, but by mono-syllabic words fixed upon arbitrarily. The accidents of speech, or the grammatical modifications of words, are to be expressed by letters of the alphabet."

In 1661, a German (Becher) published in Latin a treatise on 'The Universal Character'; but as his system is substantially the same as Beck's, it need not be detailed. Far more celebrated was the attempt of Daigarno, a Scotchman, (1661.) to introduce a universal language. Being resident at Oxford, of considerable philological reputation and personally acquainted with men of station and influence, he had little difficulty in obtaining for his system the suffrages of many, and even the support of royalty; which went so far as to recommend him, by a circular letter, to the notice of the people at large, and especially of the clergy. The result was, a work which Mr. Groves does not clearly explain; and which, in fact, was too elaborately constructed to be made intelligible without more space and attention than will be yielded in these days. The very learned Kircher unfolded his scheme of universal language to the Emperor Frederick III.: but, though he subsequently published (1663), the copies struck off were so few, that not one of them is to be found in most of the great European libraries. In 1668, appeared an ample folio from the pen of a man little inferior to Kircher—Wilkins, then Dean of Ripon and afterwards Bishop of Chester. His system is too elaborate and complicated for analysis here. Mr. Groves himself does no more than advert to its leading characteristics, in terms so general as to be nearly useless. An Hungarian gentleman, Kalmar (1772), pursued a different course. Taking from various languages (especially the Malabar) about four hundred letters and characters, he proposed "by means of certain lines and points attached to each, to deduce short and significant expressions for every combination of thought requisite for the free communication of social intercourse on any subject whatsoever." But let us hear his own explanation :—

"Wishing to express a notion of any word, whether Latin or Greek, Hebrew or Arabic, English, Flemish or German, &c., I have borrowed from the same language the character intended to convey the idea implied by that word; and, in so doing, I have chosen sometimes the first, sometimes the last, and sometimes one of the middle letters of it; thus the character for *help, aid, assistance, &c.*, is *s*, from the Latin word *subsidiū*; for *power, strength, &c.*, *δ*, from the Greek *δύναμις*; for *the will*, *λ*, from the Greek *θέλημα*; *truth, certainty*, and all its correlatives, as, *certainly, indeed, yes it is believed, he believes, he induces belief, he persuades, &c.*, from the Hebrew word *amen*. *Man* is expressed by *m* from *homo*, which letter, it is to be observed, also forms a part of every idea appertaining to humanity in numerous languages; the Hungarians have it in *ember*, the Hebrews, Turks, and others, in *adam*; the Greeks in *άνθρωπος*, &c.; to *write, writing*, with all its correlatives, as, *a manu! script, a book, a roll, an inscription, &c.*, by *ς*, from the Latin *scribo*. I also make use of all the well known characters used by physicians, chymists, and mathematicians, and even some of the Egyptian hieroglyphics."

We need not dwell on the systems which immediately followed Kalmar's; but will come, at length, to that of Mr. Groves. With him—

"The basis of a written character is a straight line, with a circular projection at one end. The circular part admits of nine variations, by means of the addition of lesser circles attached to it in different positions. Where the character is required to be of very small size, these lesser circles may be explained by dots."

In other words, the bases of a most elaborate system is a line with a hook at the top,—the latter being so bent as to join the line. It somewhat resembles the crutch worn by our grandfathers, and more nearly the bishop's staff. A difference in the head is made to represent all the consonants in the alphabet. But there are twenty "appendages of the secondary order,"—as the author calls them; that is, fantastic twirls in the bend of the crutch, to the left of the line :—

"As each of the eighteen characters of the primary series may have one of the twenty appendages of the secondary series attached to it, the compound character thus formed may be made to assume eighteen times twenty, or 360 distinct characters."

"This is not all. There are other methods of constructing the crutch in addition to the perpendicular; such variations being highly significant :—

"By placing any one of these compound characters in different positions round a common centre, so as to correspond with the eight principal points of the mariner's compass, it may be made to stand for eight different words; thus making the total number of characters produced either by change of form or of position, 2,880. and further, by reversing the position of the circular head and its posterior appendix, that is, by turning the circular head to the left, and its posterior appendix to the right, 2,880 additional characters are produced, making a total of 5,760 characters."

This is a marvellous scheme! Here characters stand for vocal sounds; and rules are afterwards suggested for their endless combination, so as to answer all the purposes of language

We must repeat that by universal language, our readers are not to understand *new words*,—a new dictionary: but a new method of communicating in any existing language so as to be deciphered by all nations—however remote in speech, clime, or character—initiated into the system. But were this achieved the great difficulty would still remain :—what particular language shall be adopted for this universal intercourse? It would be nearly useless to have the symbol only, without the sense of the words, which it is intended to signify. In this respect Mr. Groves, as already observed, has no wish to imitate one at least of his predecessors, who shrank not from inventing words and their significations.—The Latin, might, perhaps, for the purpose, be most advantageously restored to its former universal use; but if some living tongue were to be adopted, the preference would probably be given to that most generally spoken, the Chinese, were its structure less complicated. As a language, perhaps the English has the best claim;—but who, excepting the Americans, would be made to think

We should rejoice as much as Mr. Groves, were it practicable, to see a com-



mon system of characters adopted by the literary, poetical, religious, and commercial portion of all nations; but the hope of its universal application as a "common denominator" is reserved for visionaries like Mr. Groves. So convinced is he of the feasibility of such a scheme, that he favors both governments and people with directions for the immediate adoption of his own plan. Well organized societies, with even moderate funds, can, he assures us, effect all that is necessary;—at least they can make such a commencement as must lead to the grand result desired. Difficulties are nothing in the way of a true theorist;—they "vanish at his touch."

### SCENES AND ADVENTURES AT THE SPA OF PYRMONT.

After having made a tour through the north of Germany, I was on my way back to England when I arrived, in the month of August, in the little town of Pyrmont, a watering place in the principality of Waldeck, formerly in great repute for its mineral waters, and baths, to say nothing of its other attractions, which made it towards the latter end of last, and the beginning of the present century, the rendezvous of half the princes of Germany and Russia, besides crowds from other parts of the continent. Although now fallen from its high estate, and eclipsed by the various other baths that have since come into fashion, it is still much visited, and I know of no more agreeable place to spend three weeks or a month in, during the height of its season, which is from the middle of July to the end of August.

In Berlin I had made the acquaintance of a young officer of the Prussian Guards, who I shall here call Von Aspen, and who had induced me to make this slight *detour*, instead of returning straight to England, via Hamburg, which was my original intention.

Von Aspen having visited Pyrmont the summer before, was quite *au fait* at all that was necessary to be done, and therefore I placed myself entirely in his hands, and determined to amuse myself, and enter into the spirit of the thing as far as I was able.

He was young, good-looking, and possessed of that treasure, a good temper, and the most boisterous spirits; and he assured me that we should amuse ourselves, provided only that I would do as others did, and avoid that class of my countrymen, (should any of them be there,) who think it a national duty to separate themselves from the natives, herd together, and in every way in their power, make themselves as disagreeable as possible,—a class which I grieve to say, is represented in nearly every continental town I have been in, and who thus give us anything but a creditable reputation.

This is unfortunately so true, that "verruckt wie ein Engländer," has become a German proverb.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, when having arrived at the summit of one of the high hills which surround Pyrmont, that the horn of our postillion announced that we were drawing near the end of our journey.

Nothing could have been more tranquil or beautiful than the scene that now burst upon our view; the high hills that surrounded us covered with foliage from top to bottom, and the rich and fertile valley beneath, with the little town nestling in a grove of fine old elm trees, were all bathed in the moonlight; the air was warm, and soft as milk, and a sort of dreaminess pervaded the whole scene, which makes me long for Washington Irving's pen to describe it. As soon as our noisy "Schwager" had ceased his ta, te, tera, ra, the startled nightingale once more resumed her plaintive song, and we rolled along the white and well kept road, until at last we arrived at the door of the Logier Haus. Having alighted, gone through the usual routine of paying for post-horses, and at length securing rooms, we ordered supper, and then strolled out for half an hour to enjoy the cool and delicious air, and stretch our legs after so many hours' hard travelling. The first object that attracted our notice, was the broad and beautiful *allee*, of old elms, which is the rendezvous of the water-drinkers, and pleasure-hunters of the place, and which, next morning, I discovered to be the finest avenue I had ever seen.

We had sauntered about half-way down, when my attention was attracted to a large and brilliantly lighted room on the right of the *allee*, the door and windows of which were open, but through the rich silk curtains we could perceive a handsome chandelier which threw its light on a long table covered with green cloth, round which a number of people were seated; the most breathless silence pervaded the whole room, which was only broken at stated intervals by a little sharp rattling noise, and the business-like tone of a man's voice proclaiming "rouge gagne" "impair et passe," or words to that effect, then again, "faites vos jeux," and the little rattling noise was once more the only sound that fell upon the ear.

"Seprement," exclaimed Von Aspen, twirling his long fair moustache. "Mon cher Egerton, the Saal is still open, we must enter and try our luck;—absolutely necessary, no excuses, you must be *en règle* my good friend; don't be alarmed, I am no gambler, but not to throw away a few dollars the day of one's arrival at Pyrmont, is a thing unheard of;" so dragging me on much against my will, he thus brought me to the door of the room, and there overcame my lingering scruples, by saying, "Come, you have put yourselves into my hands to form your German education, during the three weeks we remain here, and this, let me tell you, must be your A, B, C."

By this time we had entered the Saal, a large and very handsome room, brilliantly lighted, with folding glass doors at either end, which communicated with the other apartments belonging to the establishment. At the time we entered, however, it was quite deserted, except by a knot of about twenty people, some of whom were playing at roulette, but the greater part anxiously watching the play of a middle-aged sawallow-looking man, seated at one end of the table, entirely absorbed in the occupation, and who had been playing very high, but whom fortune did not appear to favour. He staked handfuls of Louis, invariably playing on either of the colours, and at the same time backing either "pair," or "impair," as the case might be, and losing the said chances with the greatest possible nonchalance. We afterwards learnt that this man was a Spaniard, named O—za, who from his extraordinary luck, and thorough knowledge of the game, had become the terror of all the Banquiers of the numerous watering-places in Germany, and who, as I shall hereafter mention, sustained his formidable reputation even at the very table where he was now losing large sums. However, on the present occasion luck was against him, and he appeared to go on playing merely for the sake of the occupation, as he proved far too old a hand to lose his head, or become impatient at his losses. His features interested me greatly, for they were remarkable, and owing to the utter want of change in expression, contrasted strangely with the deep lines in his forehead and face, which told of many a stormy change having come o'er the spirit of his dream.

The other members of the group round the table were in nowise interesting, with the exception of a pretty little Frenchwoman, with sparkling eyes and

pearly teeth, who was begging her husband for another dollar, to put only once more on the "25;" at the same time flirting with a good looking young man, with black moustache, and white kid gloves, leaning over the back of her chair, who was trying to persuade her to back "12," at the same time that he was looking all sorts of unutterable things. By this time we had each changed a couple of Louis into dollars, and were going through the usual routine of placing them upon different numbers, and then seeing them raked into the Banquier's safe keeping, who still repeated in a nasal tone the oft repeated "faites vos jeux," and sent the ball spinning round again its usual course. Von Aspen had by this time lost his dollars. I had done the same, and was trying to catch his eye, that we might quietly move off, and return to our supper, which my appetite told me by this time must be ready. I was just going to turn on my heel and move off, when the Spaniard next to whom I had been standing, and who had ceased playing for the last five or ten minutes, gently turned towards me, and without moving his eyes from the green cloth, said in a low voice, "Try 14, it may change your luck." Although somewhat surprised by being thus addressed by an utter stranger, I instinctively put my hand into my waistcoat-pocket, and taking out a Louis d'or followed the advice by placing it on the number 14. "Tout va," said the croupier, and round went the little ball with the same twirling noise, which was almost immediately succeeded by the same monotonous voice proclaiming, "quatorze rouge pair et passe," and the next moment thirty-six Louis were pushed towards 14 as my property. I was still doubting whether they were mine, when the Spaniard taking his short rake, pushed thirty-four Louis on the red, leaving two on the same number as before, and at the same time whispered to me still without raising his eyes, "Encore une fois et forcez le rouge;" round went the ball, and to my amazement "14 rouge," was again announced as the winning number. This brought me in seventy-two Louis on the number, and ninety-eight on the colour. "Faites vos jeux," said the man once more, but deigning this time to cast a glance at your humble servant, who thus suddenly found himself in possession of more than sufficed to pay for his continental trip during the last three months; I was on the point of scraping it all in, and walking off, when the Spaniard again whispered as before, his advice, *sotto voce*, which I followed to the letter, and I found myself, in ten minutes, the possessor of about four hundred Louis, and decidedly the lion of the room for the time being. The other *pointeurs* had ceased playing, and all eyes were fixed on my movements; the most breathless silence pervaded the room, and the *croupiers* themselves began too look less phlegmatic, and to cast frequent glances towards the clock, which pointed to within a few minutes of twelve. O—za still continued his whispering advice, and Von Aspen was flushed, and muttering between his teeth, "Diable, quel bonheur, il fera sauter la banque ce scelerat d'Egerton," and I verily believe I should have done so, so great was my run of luck, when the clock struck twelve, and the croupier drawing a long breath exclaimed, "a demain, Monsieur, pour ce soir le jeu cesse." The Spaniard muttered something that sounded very like a Spanish oath, and by the time I had raked together my golden spoils, and turned round to offer him my acknowledgements, I found that he had risen from his seat, and was just emerging into the dark *allee*, where the end of his burning cigar was soon all that was visible of him.

I was now entirely occupied in collecting my spoils, which having deposited in my own pockets, and in those of Von Aspen, we sallied forth towards our quarters in high spirits, and determined to do ample justice to our supper after an evening so profitably spent. I need not detail the quality of our dishes, or the many good things uttered by us on the occasion; suffice it to say, that at one we both retired to our rooms, agreeing to meet at six next morning, and sally forth into the *allee* to see who was and was not in the place.

On opening my eyes the next morning I found the sun shining brightly into my windows, the trees looking green and fresh as their branches waved gently in the morning air; the birds singing; and my ear caught the last bars of one of Strauss's waltzes, played as only a German band can play them. All this was very pleasant, and I began to rub my eyes to ascertain whether certain golden recollections of "Quatorze," and "rouge," formed part perhaps of a pleasing dream which I might have been indulging in, when my attention was caught by some hasty footsteps coming along the corridor leading to my room; and the next moment the good-natured, smiling face of Aspen appeared in the aperture. He wore a little Austrian cap placed very much on one side of his head, which, with its turn-up peak, became him, and gave him that devil-may-care look which we all admire so much in the Hungarian hussars, and which makes them seem so unlike all other troops of the same denomination; a check shirt, green shooting-jacket, and summer trousers, with shoes and gaiters, completed the costume. "What the deuce," said I, looking at him from head to foot, "are you going to a *partie de chasse*?" "Not an idea of it," returned he, "but nobody thinks of dressing in any other way for the *allee* in the morning, and the women are in the same sort of *neglige*, therefore reserve your Stultz coat and English fashions for the afternoon, when you can turn out as great a dandy as you please." On went a tweed shooting-jacket and my foraging cap there, and thus accoutred we started for the scene of action, which was not twenty yards from the door of our hotel. Immediately on leaving the house we found ourselves amongst, as it appeared, the whole population of the little place, walking up and down the *allee*, which, as I before said, is one of the broadest and finest in Europe; it slopes gradually down from the Brunnen, and is terminated by a large piece of water, with a fountain throwing the clear and sparkling water about thirty or forty feet high into the air, which falls again with a refreshing sound into the basin. Beyond this you see the rich and finely cultivated country stretching for miles, terminated by a blue range of hills in the distance, and these views seen from the top of the *allee*, framed by the branches of the old elms, looks like a beautiful picture placed there for the especial edification of the loungers, as they walk up and down and drink their waters, swallowing a glass every time they again reach the Brunnen. About the centre of the *allee*, close to the Saal, is a raised platform on which were seated twenty-eight of thirty Bohemians, playing alternately Strauss's waltzes, and the favourite airs from the different operas, and playing them with that tact and feeling which made their performances an exquisite treat to anybody really fond of music. Amongst the water drinkers we noticed as we strolled down arm in arm, Princess Al—cht of Prussia and her ladies, the Princess of Waldeck, Prince Hermann and his wife, as well as Duke William of Brunswick, and the Prince of Lippe, beside several of the other notabilities whom I need not enumerate; bowing as we passed, we at length reached the end of the promenade, and there met Countess Erismstadt and her daughter, and four or five others of our Berlin friends. "Ah," said the Countess, "enchantez de vous voir, Capitain Egerton, and vous aussi, Baron," turning to Aspen, "how long have you been here? are you going to make any stay?" &c., &c. "In the first place, Countess, let me express the sincere pleasure I feel in meeting you again, and then I will proceed to inform you that we arrived late last night, that we remain here three weeks, and that we are already enchanted with the place, and dou-



bly so since we have found both yourself and the Countess Adele here," said I, turning to her daughter, a tall and very handsome girl with a beautiful complexion, bright blue eyes, and a quantity of light hair falling in ringlets round her lovely face.

"Aimable comme toujours," said the old lady, whom I really was delighted to meet again, "and I trust," continued she, "that as we only arrived the day before yesterday, that you will be our neighbours at the *table d'hôte*, for you must know that here everybody dines at the same hour, and that you are placed at table according to the date of your arrival, which sometimes is very tiresome; but as we had nobody below us yesterday I trust that you will both be our neighbours."

By this time Aspen and Adele were in close conversation, and by their looks they appeared to meet with equal pleasure; this coupled with my recollection of their always having been partners at our Berlin balls, accounted for his extreme impatience to leave the Prussian capital at the time he did, and make the best of our way to the gay little watering-place where we now found ourselves so pleasantly located. Having arrived by this time at the Brunnen, we were told that we must at all events taste the waters, which we accordingly did; Aspen assuring us that this year he had come to Pymont solely with a view of drinking them, but by the wry face I saw him make after swallowing his glass, I felt convinced he bitterly regretted the assertion. I laughed heartily at him, saying that I pitied him from the bottom of my soul, as I found the taste abominable and would not go through the process for worlds; it was in point of fact like swallowing a tumbler full of ink, which I thought beyond a joke, and therefore abjured them for ever.

After leaving the ladies we proceeded to discuss a thoroughly Germanic (and, as I thought, a most uncomfortable) breakfast, consisting of a small cup of coffee, some rusks, a roll of sour bread, and half a dozen hard boiled eggs, thrown on a heap of very coarse bad-coloured salt, the whole placed in a common white plate. This was the first check to the delights of Pymont, and I bitterly complained to Aspen of the coarseness and the discomfort of a meal which in Old England is so different, and which enables one to begin one's day with comfort and a good starting point. He laughed heartily and said that it depended entirely upon myself, for that if I had ordered the eggs to be placed in egg-cups, the butter in fresh water, and the coffee in large cups, that all would have been as I desired, but that having omitted to do so the fault rested with me and not with our host. Wishing to put this forthwith to the test, I instantly dispatched a waiter to summon the "Wirth" to our presence, and in a few minutes he made his appearance, with a long pipe in his mouth, from which he continued to inhale his Hungarian tobacco with the greatest *sang froid*, during my complaints at the misery I felt in beginning the day upon so unsatisfactory a meal; and having grunted out "Sie haben mir zu befehlen, Herr Hauptmann," turned upon his heel, and waddled out of the room. I felt rather indignant at what I considered his want of attention and respect to my just grievances, but it subsequently turned out that he had perfectly understood me, for next morning, and during the whole period of our stay in his house, the breakfast was served up according to the directions I had given; although I afterwards learnt that he had declared every Englishman to be mad upon one point or another, and that my insanity appeared to be in making a great fuss about a meal, which was after all only intended to prepare the stomach for the first pipe!! Acting upon this Teutonic tradition, we lighted our cigars, and I trotted down to the shooting-ground, where we found eight or ten of the *allee* loungers, who were placing their pistol balls either in the centre of the bull's eye (at twelve paces) or so near it as to inspire me with considerable respect for their unerring aim. Indeed I never remember to have seen better shooting than I did on this occasion, when it so happened that the *élite* of the pistol heroes of the place happened to be present. The best shot present was a Pole, a Baron Brasinski, who after various other feats placed a claret-bottle horizontally on a table at the distance above named, and drove the cork and his ball right through the bottom of the bottle, without either splintering or in any way damaging the neck of the bottle. Having thus killed time for an hour or an hour and a half, the party broke up to meet again at the *table d'hôte* at a quarter to four o'clock.

Having dressed for dinner, we proceeded at the appointed time to the *table d'hôte* which was held in a long room in a building in the *allee* to which all the visitors in the place daily adjourned, and, as I before mentioned, were placed according to the date of their arrival. We were fortunate enough to find ourselves placed next to the Eisentadts, as the Countess had predicted; I taking my seat next to hers, and Von Aspen next to Adele: an arrangement which suited all parties, for the old lady appeared in no way averse to the marked attentions of Von Aspen to her daughter. His father, who held a high legal appointment in the town of Magdberg, and was possessed of considerable property in that part of the country, was besides the head of one of the oldest families in the north of Germany. Thus in point of birth and prospects, my friend was fully entitled to urge his suit with the fair Adele, which by the animated conversation going on between them, her sparkling eyes, and his merry laugh, he was doing apparently with every sign of success. Immediately opposite to us were seated old Princess Tubekykoe, with her son and daughter, Brazinski the Pole, Monsieur de Platow, and a long line of others to whom I had not yet been presented. The band was playing the favourite waltzes and pieces of Bellini's music in the next room, the dinner was neither better nor worse than is generally found at the German *table d'hôte*, the conversation was lively, and everything went off agreeably for the hour that we remained at table; at the end of which time we all rose *en masse*, the society breaking into little knots and coteries, and then sallying forth to take their coffee in the *allee*.

My little party, comprising those immediately around us at table, and some friends of Countess Eisentadt who joined us in the *allee*, and to whom she presented me, soon congregated at the spot marked by Von Aspen, and a very pleasant hour we spent, talking over the news of the day, and looking forward with considerable amusement to the Court ball of the morrow. The whole party looked vastly different from what they had done in the morning, for instead of the *negligée* then worn, the ladies were all elegantly dressed, and the men with their kid gloves, gold-headed canes, and polished boots, looked very much like what they really were, gentlemen and men of fashion.

No woman present was seen to greater advantage than Adele, who wore a dark blue satin dress *rayée*, her pretty little foot fitted to perfection in a bronzed shoe, and a white transparent hat with blue flowers: she looked really lovely; her complexion was brilliant, her features regular and good, and her teeth the most beautiful that I had ever seen; she had a profusion of golden hair, and her blue eyes were shaded by very long black eyelashes, which gave them that half-closed and sleepy look which I have always considered perfection. She was neither tall nor short, but of that indescribable height, which, by being in such perfect proportion to her features and limbs, added a new charm to her whole appearance. In two words, she was a woman sure to command admira-

tion wherever she appeared, and in the present instance, although she had been only three days in the place, she had the *élite* of the Pymont *élégants* already in her train. Knowing Von Aspen's admiration for her I heartily wished him success, and was not a little amused by the various efforts of his rivals to supplant him. The most dangerous amongst the latter appeared to me to be Monsieur de Brazinski, the Pole whom I have already mentioned. He was a man of about forty-five, and would have been decidedly called good-looking, were it not for the expression of his eyes, which, with the blandest of smiles for ever playing about the corners of his mouth, gave the whole countenance an expression of falseness, I have never seen equalled in human face. He appeared fully aware of this himself, and evidently used every effort to counteract it. His manner was perfect, and was that of a finished gentleman and man of the world, and his voice was so silvery in its tones, and altogether so fascinating, that it was impossible to listen to him without pleasure, and, indeed, great interest, for he had travelled much, and was a man of more general information than is often met with. Unlike most of his countrymen, he appeared to be very well off, for he had arrived in a handsome travelling-carriage, with his valet seated on the box, and whatever ornament he wore in his evening toilet, was as valuable as it was to be seen in good taste.

This man was decidedly struck with Adele, and my knowledge of physiognomy convinced me that he would not stick at trifles to get rid of a rival, or carry his point. There was a cruelty in his cold blue eye, and a sharpness about the corners of his mouth when in repose, that convinced me I was not far wrong in thinking that such a man had both energy and devil enough in him to be a dangerous enemy.

"One day telleth another," and therefore having described my first twenty-four hours in Pymont, I will only briefly state that for the following three weeks we spent our time much in the same way as during the first day I have already described. We danced, flirted, occasionally played, rode donkey-races, and made pic-nics. During this time Von Aspen had been constant in his attentions to the fair Adele, and she on her part seemed really to return the sincere affection which he confessed to me he felt for her. Brazinski had held out longer than any of his rivals, and now seeing that he had no chance with the object of his admiration, (I must not omit to mention that Adele brought to the fortunate man on whom she bestowed her hand the sum of 100,000 dollars, which in Germany is considered a very pretty fortune), bent all his efforts to annoy Von Aspen, in which he had succeeded so effectually that a decided coolness, not to say hostility, had sprung up between them, and which I foresaw, should they remain long in the same place, would give rise to some serious quarrel. I had been on the watch for some time past to prevent anything of the sort occurring; for from the Pole's character I saw that he was burning to be revenged *coute qui coute* on his more fortunate rival. Adele, quick-sighted as a woman always is in such affairs, foresaw the danger, and although she entertained a decided aversion to the man, did everything in her power to conciliate him, and often danced with and talked to him with this view, which she would not otherwise have done.

Things were in this posture when a few days before my departure from the place, the usual Wednesday ball, and which was to be the last at the *chateau* for that season, took place.

Von Aspen and myself having made our toilet, proceeded as usual together, and arrived there at about ten, when dancing had already commenced; the evening was cool and delicious, and the folding doors of the ball room opening on to a terrace lined with orange trees, and abounding with flowers, formed a delightful retreat from the heat and glare of the brilliantly lighted rooms. From this terrace by day light a most beautiful view of the surrounding country, which lay stretched for miles beneath it like a carpet, was obtained; and now with this charming prospect still seen dimly in the starlight, the cool air scented by the fragrance of the orange trees, and ottomans and seats scattered about, it formed one of the most charming retreats I ever remember to have seen.

The ball was brilliantly attended, and the amiable Princess and her sister-in-law, the Princess Herman, both contributed to enchant their guests by their amiable and condescending affability. From having strained my ankle in the morning, I did not as usual join in the dance, but contented myself by leaning against a door-post leading into an adjoining boudoir.

A moment afterwards Brazinski made his appearance, and claiming Adele's hand for the Polka led her off to that fascinating dance, which was just then making its appearance in that part of Germany, and which some years later was destined to turn the heads of all London, although at the time I am now speaking of we knew not even of its existence.

Von Aspen also joined the dance, having for his partner a very pretty little woman, the wife of General Carloff, a great favourite of the Emperor's. Although she often told me she had no ear for music, she, strange to say, danced to perfection, and particularly the dance just mentioned, in which Von Aspen was also an adept; so that when they danced it together, they generally caused a sensation, and all eyes were fixed on their graceful movements.

I retained my post at the glass door, looking into the ball-room, and found myself immediately behind Brazinski and Adele. Von Aspen and the Countess Carloff were immediately opposite, and he, in the highest spirits, was going through all the difficult intricacies of the dance with his usual success, when, as he passed before Brazinski, and was executing the back step, so that he was half turned the other way, I observed the perfidious Pole advance his foot a few inches, so as to come exactly between Aspen's, at the same time that he was apparently engaged in the most interesting conversation with Adele.

Aspen, who was at the moment going at a Derby pace, stumbled and then fell headlong at Princess Herman's feet, upsetting the chair on which little Prince Otto, a boy of about six years old, was seated, between his mother and aunt.

All this passed as quick as thought, and in a much shorter space of time than I have taken to describe it, and the malicious smile on Brazinski's lip had passed away before Aspen had regained his feet.

Burning with vexation, he bowed his excuses to the Princess, picked the little boy up, who was fortunately not hurt, and like a man of the world, and with great tact immediately placed his arm once more round his partner's waist, and laughing, renewed his polka as if nothing had happened; steering, however, this time clear of the Pole, which, coupled with his look at the latter, convinced me that he was fully aware of the cause of his fall. Poor Adele had turned deadly pale, but not having an idea of the little by-play of which I had been a witness, thought that his foot had merely slipped, and seeing him so gaily continue the dance, soon thought nothing more of it. Knowing the ill-blood that already existed I foresaw something serious would happen between the principal actors in this little scene, and therefore watched for the termination of the dance, to see what would ensue. Brazinski having led Adele to her seat, passed me and leaned over the balustrade of the terrace, as if there awaiting the arrival of Von Aspen. As I had anticipated, the latter soon passed me, his brow flush



ed with anger, and striding up to where the Pole was standing, tapped him smartly on the shoulder, and whispered into his ear in a hissing voice, which betrayed his rage, "Monsieur vous êtes un insolent, je ne sais pas si je m'explique?"

"Parfaitement, Mal-adroit," replied the other, "et vous me rendrez raison pour la phrase."

Von Aspen's reply was so impetuous that in an instant things were uttered on one side and the other that rendered a meeting unavoidable between men of honour. We were fortunately alone on the terrace, but that had passed already which rendered my interference as a peace-maker totally hopeless.

Aspen turned towards me, exclaimed, "My dear Egerton, I am sure that I may rely on you in the present affair, and therefore," said he, turning to the Pole, "I beg that you will, with as little delay as possible, put your friend in communication with Captain Egerton, that our differences may be settled at once." Brazinski bowed, and turning into the ball-room was soon engaged in conversation, and when I passed him was proposing a picnic to the Countess Carloff and Princess Herman, for the day after at Fruden-Thal.

That which I had all along dreaded had now taken place, and from what had passed between them, I saw not the most distant chance of an arrangement being possible. On my return from the ball I found Von Aspen coolly smoking his cigar and leaning out of the window, joking and talking to a little Frenchman, whom he was quizzing about some village conquest, which he laughingly assured me had prevented him from coming to the ball that evening.

Aspen, having bid good night to his boasting friend, turned towards me and exclaimed, "Well, thank heaven, I have got that scoundrel into a corner at last, and if I let him out of it may I —"

"Stop my good friend," said I, "is it possible that you, with your prospects, and with everything smiling on you in this world, should thus lightly wish to sacrifice all to gratify a momentary resentment, and thus stake your existence against that of a man whose history nobody knows, and whom a great many people suppose to be at best an adventurer?"

"My good fellow," replied he, "all that may be very true, but you must remember that that has passed between us can never be forgiven, and therefore you will prove your friendship towards me, not by reminding me of what I may lose, (and here his voice faltered) but by speedily arranging a meeting, for this sort of thing is not agreeable as long as it is hanging over one, and therefore the sooner it is terminated the better for all parties. And now," continued he, holding out his hand towards me, "I have some papers to look over and destroy in case of accident, therefore good night; I put my head upon my pillow with full confidence that my honour will remain unsullied in such keeping as yours, I therefore give you *carte blanche*, and do not let me hear about it again until the time and place is named, where," added he, with a smile, "you shall be satisfied with your principal."

I pressed him cordially by the hand, and feeling the force of what he had said, left him with a heavy heart to retire for the night.

Next morning I was still dressing when the *garçon* brought a card in with the name of "Baron de Platow," and said that the gentleman was waiting outside, and wished to speak to me: hurriedly slipping on a dressing-gown, I desired him to be admitted.

I need not detail the conversation which lasted about a quarter of an hour; suffice it to say, therefore, that not having been able to effect anything like a reconciliation which I believe he desired as much as I did, but which Brazinski's obstinacy totally prevented, we finally separated, having appointed the meeting to take place that evening, at seven o'clock, at the corner of a little wood near the "Saline," and at about half a mile from the town.

The day passed over as usual, and as the sun declined, I could not help reflecting that soon, within a few hours, I might lose a friend whose high-spirited and generous character had endeared him to me more than I had an idea of before this event, which brought one's feelings, as it were, to a focus.

I had been fortunate enough to win the toss with De Platow for choice of weapons, and named small swords, for had it been pistols, as Brazinski wished, my poor friend would have stood but a sorry chance of surviving the rencontre.

At the hour named, we repaired to the chosen spot, and there found Brazinski and his second already awaiting us; Labord, the Frenchman, and one or two others were also spectators, as the affair, in spite of our efforts to the contrary, had to a certain degree got wind.

Our principals having stripped their coats and waistcoats, and the Pole having rolled up his shirt sleeve to the shoulder, exposing a long sinewy arm, with a good deal of nerve and hard muscle, we delivered to each his weapon, and having placed them side-ways to the setting-sun so as to give a fair distribution of light to each, we crossed their swords, and I, retiring a few paces to the right, gave the signal to begin.

Both parties were cool and determined, and there was that malignant look about Brazinski, which I have before noticed, and which proved that he was now bent on mischief. Von Aspen was perhaps a shade paler than usual, but by his compressed lips, firm hand, and resolute eye, I perceived in an instant that he was all right, and he would not lose the day from want of nerve at all events.

Their guards were totally different, one belonging to the French, and the other evidently to the Italian school of fencing. Aspen was graceful, and upright as a dart, firmly placed on his legs, with the left hand aloft, as if he was engaged in a common assault in a fencing-master's room.

Brazinski sunk much lower than his adversary, and crouching forward with the upper part of his body, evidently meant to attack *en seconde*, a far more dangerous mode in the hands of an experienced fencer than the other.

In an instant after the signal their swords clashed, and thrust and parry followed each other in quick succession. Von Aspen's attack was so impetuous that I trembled for his safety, but his very imprudence saved him, for it so completely occupied his adversary that he had not time to employ those dangerous thrusts *en seconde*, which I foresaw, and so much dreaded. The combat had lasted now nearly five minutes; Von Aspen began to show symptoms of loss of breath, and I then knew that soon all must be up with him, for he was in the hands of one who knew no generosity; but at this period of the rencontre they began to change places in attacking, and the Pole taking now the lead, swift as lightning came the lunge *en seconde*. Through his very weakness, Aspen's life was saved, for at that instant, he faltered and swerved a little to the left, Brazinski's sword passing through his shirt, and grazing his right side, shewed its bloody point some inches behind his back. Had Von Aspen not faltered at that instant, he would have been run through and through the centre of his body; as it was however, the smart of the flesh wound gave him fresh energy, and calling all his strength into one last effort, ere Brazinski could disentangle his weapon from the fold of his shirt, he plunged his sword up to the very hilt in the breast

of the unfortunate Pole, who, with a deep groan of agony, sunk to the earth, and the instant afterwards was writhing on the ground covered with blood, and at his last gasp, his hand had clutched the turf convulsively, and his face pale as ashes, and sprinkled with blood from the bubbling wound, bore an expression of hatred and revenge which to this hour makes me shudder when I think of it. Raising himself slowly on one elbow he turned to Aspen, his lips moved but only to give utterance to the death rattle that was in his throat, his eyes glazed as they still glared on us, and the next instant he fell heavily backwards, a bloody and disfigured corpse!

All this had passed in a much shorter space of time than it has taken me to describe, and seeing now the termination of the affair, I knew no time was to be lost; therefore hurrying Aspen from the ground ere he had yet recovered from the shock of thus so quickly sending a fellow creature to his last account, we gained the opposite side of the little wood; there a couple of horses had been waiting for the survivor (for we knew that it was a case of life or death), and springing into the saddles, we put spurs to our steeds, and half an hour's sharp riding brought us over the Hanoverian frontier, from whence we pushed on and reached the town of Hamelen, where we knew we should be secure.

The day after the event I have described, and when everybody was still talking of it, Monsieur de Platow's brother reached Pymont, and on viewing the body of his brother's unfortunate principal, he at once recognized him as an old acquaintance whom he had not seen for nearly twenty years, but with whose history he was intimately acquainted.

It appeared that his real name was Ostroff, but that from some disgraceful gambling transaction, and a duel caused by it, in which he had killed a young officer of great promise in the most savage and cowardly way, he had been forced to leave his regiment, that from that hour he had become an outcast; and that, sinking step by step, he had at last been reduced to the greatest misery, and was living under an assumed name in Paris, when the minister of police in St. Petersburg, thinking him a fit subject for a spy, had furnished him with the means and assumed name, which enabled him to carry on his disgraceful avocation.

In this he had but too well succeeded, as he had been the means of sending several of his unfortunate countrymen, who were obnoxious to the Russian government from their participation in the Polish rebellion, to the mines of Siberia, where they were now languishing in chains and slavery.

This account, together with the well-known fact that he had been the aggressor in the quarrel, completely exonerated poor Von Aspen, whose part now everybody took, and seemed to think that he had conferred a benefit on society in thus ridding it of so dangerous a man.

Two months subsequent to the events I have detailed, and when I was shooting in the north of England, I received letters from Berlin, stating that Von Aspen had been pardoned, that the whole affair had blown over, and that he was shortly about to be united to the fair Adele, his father having approved of the match, and settled one of his Magdoubourg estates upon his happy son, from whom I shortly afterwards received a long and kind letter, detailing the said events, and pressing me to come over and be present at his wedding.

#### THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY POTTINGER, BART., G. C. B.—(Concluded.)

During this Mahratta war, Captain Pottinger accompanied the Resident to the field, and had a narrow escape at the battle of Khirkee. On the termination of the campaign, Mr. Elphinstone, who soon saw his great abilities, appointed him to the important but laborious offices of judge and revenue collector of an immense tract of the newly-conquered country, known after as the Collectorate of Ahmednuggar, but which has been since divided, as being too large for the care of one functionary. The duties of these situations engaged him until the year 1825, and such were the talents, firmness, and integrity with which he discharged them, that, while the revenue exceeded all expectation, his name was venerated by the natives, and is to this day remembered by them with affection and respect. In 1825, complaints having been made to the home authorities by the civil servants of the company, that employments which of right belonged to them, were held by military officers, Mr. Elphinstone, then Governor of Bombay, fearing that Capt. Pottinger might be removed to some situation where his talents would be comparatively lost, offered him the appointment of Resident in Kutch, to which province he proceeded in the May of that year. Kutch, situated about five hundred miles north-west of Bombay, is two hundred miles in its greatest length by about forty in breadth, and was at this period governed by a Regency, the Prince Rao Daisuljee being a child of only four or five years old. His father, Rao Barnaljee, had been dethroned by the British government, for reasons which it is not our province to discuss, and the country was now governed by a Punyagat, that is, by five persons, of whom the Resident was one. On entering on their charge, they found it labouring under the ordinary consequences of bad government—anarchy, and corruption—which evils were for a time increased by the presence of a British force of 10,000 men, stationed there to watch the Scindians; the prices of the necessities of life being much augmented by the addition of such numbers, with their hosts of followers. The province was also harassed by armed plunderers who had fled from justice in Kutch into the adjacent deserts, and who returned with other desperate characters, to rob and oppress the industrious part of the population; there was, moreover, a disposition among many of the people to attempt the restoration of the late ruler, who had been permitted to reside in the capital of Bhooj, near his son. In this wretched state of affairs, the new Resident, who had now graduated to the rank of Colonel, applied himself to redress the evils which were appearing all around him, and by a course of proceeding at once firm and conciliatory, by equal justice, and affording protection to the humble classes, who had been long oppressed by their arrogant Rajpoot chiefs, he changed the aspect of affairs, and, in a few years, made Kutch the most flourishing and happy of the small states of India. The young prince was placed under the care of an accomplished gentleman then serving with his regiment in the East, and now known as an able officer, Colonel John Crofton, of her Majesty's sixth foot. Guided by him, the prince learned to attend to the affairs of his country, and became remarkable for a love of justice and devotion to his duties. It is not to be supposed that these works of peace, and labours of reform, were carried out without the obstacles which upright functionaries usually meet with. An instance may serve to show the perplexing knavery which flourished there, and which has always been of ready growth in India. A petty chief, notorious for the profligacy of his life, and the ruined condition of his exchequer, brought forward a claim to the customs and all other rights of one of the chief ports of the country. This he supported by forged documents, which, all who are acquainted with India know, are often fabricated with such dexterity as to render it difficult for the most learned natives to detect them. This chief got up his case so plausibly and so well, that he gained over the support, not



only of the assistants of the Resident, but, strange to say, of the government of Bombay, who, notwithstanding the confidence which was due to the judgment and integrity of their long-trying servant, the Resident, decided against his opinion, and in favour of the claim. Colonel Pottinger, however, still supported the Rao, and the question being referred to the Home authorities, was not set at rest for many years. Then, after the Resident had suffered much from the anxieties and labours he had to encounter in this strange affair, a conspiracy remarkable for the effrontery with which it was maintained, was at length crushed by the final directions of the government in England.

In 1831, Colonel Pottinger was selected by Lord William Bentinck to undertake a mission to Scinde, the chief object of which was the opening of the river Indus to all nations. This was completely successful, although the Ameers had interposed every obstacle which double-dealing and falsehood could suggest, and the mission returned to Kutch in June, 1832. The information collected on this occasion was of the utmost importance, and proved of signal service when Lord Keane's force advanced through Scinde and by the Indus, in 1838-9. From the period of the return of this mission in 1832, to 1839, Colonel Pottinger was engaged in the great labours he had undertaken in Kutch. It was through his intervention, and owing to his firmness, that the mission under the lamented Burnes was permitted to pass up the Indus, in 1834, and great was the opposition he had to overcome, although its only stated object was to convey a present of four English dray horses from our King William IV., to Runjeet Sing, Prince of Lahore. In 1838, Colonel Pottinger again proceeded to Scinde, to negotiate terms for the passage of Sir John Keane's army, then about to advance to Cabul, on which occasion his firmness and forbearance were again and alike displayed, and the arrangement was made without recourse to hostilities, which it was most desirable, but in the state of feeling at the time, not easy to avoid. While the treaty was pending, Sir John Keane's force lay close to Hyderabad, and one day, as Colonel Pottinger was returning from an interview with the Ameers there, he was hooted and pelted by the populace. Our troops, and all around him, enraged at the insult thus offered to their envoy, were eager to avenge it, but he steadily forbade any hostile movement, and calmly pursuing his object, gained it without a compromise of dignity. For these many, and great public services, her Majesty was, in 1839, pleased to make him a Baronet, and he, at the same time, received the highest approbation, both of the supreme government of India and of the ministry at home. Climate, anxiety, and fatigue now began to tell upon his health. He had been long living in one of the most trying provinces of India, and engaged in duties which, in any country, would wear most men down. His friends, alarmed for his safety, pressed him to take some relaxation, and try the effect of change of air, but could not induce him to leave his post until our army had safely advanced to the northern frontier of Scinde; he then proceeded to Bombay, but soon returned to his station at Kutch. Sir Henry is not more remarkable for his judgment than for his untiring industry, as the following circumstance may suffice to show. When Lord Keane's force moved by the Indus and Scinde, an expenditure of a million sterling took place; and many of the staff officers, to save trouble and expedite the performance of their own duties, gave orders for sums of money, large and small, on scraps of paper, and all these items, however trifling, were to be entered in Sir Henry's public accounts. After several attempts to have these accounts made out by a native accountant, he was obliged to take them in hand himself, and, notwithstanding the enormous labour of the task, and his infirm health, closed them in so satisfactory a form as to elicit high compliments from the auditor-general. Sir Henry, we have heard, remarked to Lord Auckland, that had death, or his return to Europe from sickness, prevented his accomplishing this undertaking, his character as an honest man might have been assailed, and, perhaps, ruined for ever.

In 1840, the extremely precarious state of Sir Henry Pottinger's health made it absolutely necessary for him to return to Europe, and accordingly, early in that year, he embarked for England, intending to remain there, quietly and disengaged, for some four or five years, in order that his constitution might thus recover the shocks to which it had been exposed. Soon after he had reached England, he was seized with an attack of a most alarming character, and for some time his life was despaired of; but the natural vigour of a constitution on which he had often before relied, saved him once again. He had not quite recovered from this dangerous illness when he received a note from Lord Palmerston, requesting to see him in London as soon as possible. He left Cheltenham with, as we have heard, the impression that he was about to be offered an appointment in Persia, and determined to decline it, but, on being informed by Lord Palmerston that his services were required in China, and that her Majesty's ministers had determined on entrusting the settlement of affairs in that country to him, he expressed his willingness to undertake the task, stipulating that he should himself be exclusively responsible, that the orders of the government should be precise, and that he should be permitted to return to England the moment an arrangement was accomplished. Sir Henry was a stranger to Lord Palmerston, and the selection of one who was so admirably qualified for a peculiar and arduous undertaking, does high honour to the judgment of that nobleman.

Sir Henry Pottinger, now our envoy and plenipotentiary to China, embarked at Southampton in June, 1841, and, making a rapid transit, reached the Canton waters on the 9th of August, having, in the interval, passed a few days at Bombay. Before entering on the subject of our negotiations with China, we must make one or two general remarks on our connexion with that country, and the state of affairs there at this period.

Since the opening of the China trade in 1833, [by Lord Glenelg's act, of 1833, the East India Company were, in that year, deprived of the exclusive right of trading with China.] our relations with this great empire had been unsettled. The Chinese government, alarmed at the vast increase in the contraband importation of opium which then took place, and more concerned still at the drain of their silver currency, with which the article was paid for, resolved to put down the traffic altogether. Their right to do this was unquestioned, but in their assertion of it they committed such repeated outrages, so many violations of international law, and evinced such insulting pride, as left us, in the end, no alternative but an appeal to arms. Accordingly, in 1839, an open war commenced, the particulars of which are so well remembered, that it is not needful for us to dwell upon the topic, further than to make a few observations which appear called for; and first, as to the importance of our intercourse with the Celestial Empire, in regard to the finances of our own. It was, and to some extent may still be a prevailing impression, that all we should lose by exclusion from China, would be our tea. It has, however, been clearly shown that not less than one-sixth of the whole united income of Great Britain and India depends on our relations with China. That, for example, in the year 1839, the revenue paid into the English exchequer on account of tea, amounted to £3,660,000, and that, adding to this the receipts from duties on imports into China, the British revenue derived from it in that year was £4,200,000. In the same year, India derived

from China no less than £2,000,000, of which £1,700,000 was in specie. This, it will be observed, was before the peace with China, since which period the whole value of our commerce with that country has been increased to an extent which it would not be easy to estimate. This is enough to indicate the magnitude of the interests involved in the China war. It was further a general feeling that the Chinese could make no opposition—that there was no honour to be gained in a contest with them, no difficulty to be overcome. It is true that they were not a military people, and that we always beat them; but it is also true that our force was as nothing when compared to their empire and its vast resources; and the Chinese are such admirable learners, and were improving so much, that had the war been protracted much longer, we might have made them very formidable soldiers. The popular impression that they are deficient in physical courage, is now known to be erroneous. They have quite as much of it as most of the undrilled of Europe; and such, indeed, appears at all times to have been the opinion of able Europeans who have had opportunities of knowing them. Sir Stamford Raffles called them, from their steadiness of character, "the Scotch of the East;" and in a recent work, Capt. Keppel's most interesting book on Borneo, we find his friend Mr. Brooke speaking of a body of Chinese colonists as a force he could rely on in an hour of need. But besides the proper subjects of "the great pure dynasty," it has whole nations to supply its armies, with men as vigorous and as bold as any in the world. There are nowhere finer men than the Tartar troops of China; never in any war were greater proofs exhibited of heroism and devotion than by them; and Sir Hugh Gough (he has been since given his well-earned coronet) describes the Kansich troops of Turkistan, who fought well at Tse-kee, as "a strong and muscular race, accustomed to border warfare." The Chinese, we may add, had long a perfect reliance on themselves. They thought their troops invincible, their defences inviolable, and were unaffected by any prestige as to the terror of our arms until we beat them into a respect for us. When, in 1834, at the Boca Tigris, the Chinese Admiral, Kwan, with twenty-nine war junks, came out to menace our English frigates, the Volage and Hyacinth, the latter ran down their line under easy sail, and the wind serving, went up again with their larboard broadsides bearing, pouring in a most destructive fire; the Chinese answered with the greatest spirit, and though compelled to retire in distress to their former anchorage, they claimed the victory, and, as we are persuaded, honestly. They mistook the forbearance of the English commander in allowing them to retreat, for fear, and, as our ships sailed for Macao, for the purpose of covering the embarkation of our troops, and securing the safety of the merchant ships, they conceived that they gave up the contest. The Chinese, moreover, looking mainly to the opium question, and paying little attention to our violated rights, regarded their cause as righteous, and the English as presumptuous invaders. "They are," said their Emperor, "like dogs and sheep in their dispositions. It is difficult for heaven and earth to bear any longer with the English, and both dogs and men are indignant at their conduct." We ought further to bear in mind, that the Chinese, jealous of all foreigners, had good reason for viewing any extension of English power with peculiar caution. They knew that in little more than a single century—a portion of time which, in the long ages of Chinese history sounds but small—England had, from the possession of a solitary factory in India, advanced her dominion there to the Himalaya, where it touched their own. We have, at the hazard of being tedious, thought it necessary to make these general observations on the subject of the Chinese war; a war which it was fondly anticipated would be terminated in a month, but which, when Sir Henry Pottinger was sent out, was in its third year, with no prospect of a close. The Chinese had shown themselves our masters in diplomacy, and our very successes were unavailing. The influence of the personal character as well as of the talents of an envoy, was never made more conspicuous than in the case of Sir H. Pottinger in China. His judgment and decision soon changed the aspect of affairs there, and his first act showed the Chinese authorities the sort of person they had to deal with, and was not without its influence on subsequent events. The head of the local government of Canton waited on Sir Henry on his arrival, and requested an interview, which had always been granted to this functionary by his predecessors. Sir H. declined seeing him, and sent the secretary of legation, and an aid-de-camp to meet him; at the same time acquainting him that the envoy came only to treat with the highest officers of the Chinese empire, and that to them alone he would grant an interview. The war now proceeded with vigour. On the 25th of August, our squadron anchored in the harbour of Amoy, a city which has a population of 70,000, and was garrisoned by a force of 10,000 men. The Chinese regarded this place as impregnable, and its defences were, as our readers may see, skillfully prepared. We transcribe an account of them.

"From the islands at the entrance of the harbour to Cohunsoo, the island is about four miles, good anchorage all the way up for line-of-battle ships, to about four or five hundred yards from the shore. On all the islands at the entrance are placed batteries. The 'long battery' in the straight line contains seventy-six guns, forty feet between each, making it more than half a mile long; this battery is built of solid granite work, being about fifteen feet thick at the bottom, and nine at the top, and about fifteen feet high; excepting at the embrasure for the guns it is entirely faced with a coating of mud quite two feet thick; above the embrasures, is also a coating of the same; the masonry is beautiful and quite solid; and all who have seen it declare they have never seen any thing so strong or so well built; indeed, the proof is that after four hours' hard fighting, not one single breach was made in it by our guns, though placed at point-blank range. On each side of their guns several sand-bags were placed, so as to protect those while loading and firing. At the end further out from the town is built a strong granite wall, about half a mile long, with loop-holes at the top for their match-locks, but no guns; it is about ten or fifteen feet high, and was, of course, intended to protect their flank from our troops. Two semi-circular batteries are in the middle of the wall, and at the end nearest the town one larger one, which is built of granite covered with chunam; it is supposed that several of the mandarins occupied it: they continued firing to the very last, when some of their guns were dismounted, the walls nearly knocked down, and long after our troops had landed, and hoisted the ensign at the other end of the wall."

The number of the guns in all was about five hundred. The place was taken in four hours from the firing of the first gun; and, as Sir Henry Pottinger stated in one of his public papers at the time, "had the opposition been a hundred times greater than it was, the spirit and bearing of all employed showed that the result must have been the same." When our troops landed, a mandarin, who was second in command, rushed into the sea and drowned himself; and another cut his throat, and fell in front of our soldiers, as they came up. The attack was witnessed by the viceroy of the provinces of Chokeang, and Fokein, who, with a number of other great officials, was on the heights above. Our forces next sailed to the Chusan group of islands—re-took the city of Tinghae, where extensive fortifications had been erected since we left it in the preceding year; and then proceeded to Chinghae, which, both from its position and works, is a



city of great strength. This was at once captured, and immediately afterwards our expedition appeared before the wealthy city of Ningpo, the walls of which are five miles in circumference, and its population about three hundred thousand souls. This place also fell into our hands; and thus closed the operations of 1841. Early in the following year, the Chinese were repulsed, in bold attempts to regain from us, on the same day, the two last named places; and were soon afterwards seen with a numerous army at Tse-kec, eleven miles westward of Ningpo. Here, after having fought well, they were again defeated. The troops brought forward on this occasion were their best; and our officers speak of some of them with admiration—especially of a regiment of five hundred men, of the imperial body guard. Chapoo,\* a city of great trade, and the mart of the Chinese commerce with Japan, was our next acquisition, and sailing from that place, our squadron made for the great river, Yang-tze-kiang, being a direct approach to the imperial cities Nankin and Peking. The preparations made to receive us here are described by Sir Henry Pottinger in a circular, dated on board the steam frigate *Queen*, in the Yang-tze-kiang river (off Woo-sung) 24th June. It may give our readers a further idea of Chinese engineering, and enlighten those who are still under the impression that all their defences are of bamboo, and their only munition bows and arrows:—

"After the necessary time in destroying the batteries, magazines, foundries, barracks, and other public buildings, as well as the ordnance, arms, and ammunition, captured at Chapoo, the troops were re-embarked, and the expedition finally quitted that port on the 23rd of May, and arrived on the 29th, off Rugged Islands, where it remained until the 13th of June; on which day it crossed the bar, which had been previously surveyed and buoyed off, into the Yang-tze-kiang river, to the point where the river is joined by the Woosung. At this point the Chinese had erected immense lines of works, to defend the entrances of both rivers; and seem to have been so confident of their ability to repel us, that they permitted a very close reconnaissance to be made in two of the small steamers, by their excellencies the naval and military commanders in chief, on the 14th instant; and even cheered and encouraged the boats which were sent in, in the same night, to lay down buoys to guide the ships of war in their allotted positions of attack. At daylight on the morning of the 16th the squadron weighed anchor, and proceeded to take up their respective stations; which was scarcely done, when the batteries opened, and the cannonading was extremely heavy and unceasing for about two hours; that of the Chinese then began to slacken, and the seamen and marines were landed at once, under the fire from the ships, and drove the enemy out of the batteries, before the troops could be disembarked and formed for advancing. Two hundred and fifty three guns (forty two of them brass) were taken in the batteries—most of them of heavy calibre, and upwards of eleven feet long. The whole were mounted on pivot carriages, of a new and efficient construction; and it was likewise observed that they were fitted with bamboo sights. The casualties of the naval arm of the expedition amounted to two killed and twenty five wounded; but the land forces had not a man touched. It appears almost miraculous that the casualties should not have been much greater, considering how well the Chinese served their guns. The *Blonde* frigate had fourteen shot in her hull; the *Sesostrix* steamer eleven; and all the ships engaged more or less."

The Chinese, amazed at the rapidity with which their cities of wealth, and best defended stations were falling before us, alarmed at our appearance in the Yang-tze-kiang, made an indirect attempt to retard our operations, by professing a desire to treat; and to conciliate our favor, released sixteen British subjects who had been kidnapped. But as these overtures were not grounded on the only basis which Sir Henry Pottinger was disposed to listen to, they were rejected, with an intimation to that effect. Elepoo, a commissioner, who had been before employed in negotiations with our forces at Chusan, but who was afterwards degraded for being too peaceably inclined towards us, was now directed to use his best efforts to bring hostilities to a close. His best efforts were tried; and he did, we believe, all that talent, ingenuity, and address could devise to bring about a peace on the terms his government was willing to submit to; but neither did these meet the requirement of our envoy, and his communications were consequently, unavailing. An intercepted letter from the Chinese diplomatist to his government, sketches our plenipotentiary most graphically. After describing all the plausibilities of his own statements, and the reasonableness of his proposals, he concludes by saying, that "to all his representations, the barbarian Pottinger, only knit his brows and said 'No.'"

The Chinese were not only unsuccessful in their attempts to negotiate, but failed also in their endeavors to retard our operations. Our forces forthwith advanced to reduce the great cities of Chin-Keang-foo and Nankin. They appeared before the former place on the 20th day of July, and after a desperate resistance made by the Tartar troops,† captured it. The heat of the sun was so great at this time, that many of our soldiers dropped down dead from its effects. On the 9th of August, our expedition anchored off the vast city of Nankin, and the military and naval commanders had made all their arrangements for an attack, when they were directed by our envoy to suspend it, as the Chinese had come to treat for peace. The commissioners appointed by the emperor for this purpose were the Great Minister Keying, a Tartar general belonging to the imperial family, Elepoo, named before, and Newkta, governor of the Keang provinces. There was also another who took an active part in the negotiation; this was Hang-e, the shewei (commander we presume) of the emperor's body guard, who seems to have been chosen from his firmness, as well as for his talents. If so, he met, at least, his equal in our envoy. A very curious document, the report made by the great minister and these commissioners to their emperor on the subject of our requirements, is now before us; and we find Sir Henry Pottinger described there much in the same manner as in the intercepted letter:—

"The said shewei (Hang-e) and his colleagues again authoritatively questioned as to the difficulties: but the said barbarian only stared at him indignantly. The shewei was not listened to."

And again:—

"The said shewei again represented, that from the five places (which we required to be opened to trade) some should be deducted; but the said barbarian obstinately refused."

\* The Chinese troops here numbered ten thousand men, of whom a third were Tartars. A body of the latter, amounting to three hundred took possession of a joss-house, where they made a desperate defence, until the house fell in—when but forty of them were taken alive.

† Many of the Tartar soldiers who survived the engagement committed suicide. Their dead bodies, and those of their women and children were found in every house, and in the wells. Our troops took their station on the heights above the town, because the city, from the number of dead, had become uninhabitable.

Another paragraph of this long document is too good to be omitted. It shows at once their pride, and their desire to concede.

"I, your servant have examined and found what are the unwarrantable demands of the said barbarians, which they so importunately urge, and they are deserving of the utmost hatred. But considering that they have lately attacked and laid in ruins Kingkow, and it is proved that not only the rivers, but Chinkeang, it will be difficult to recover speedily; but I am apprehensive we shall be blocked up both on the north and south, which will be the heaviest calamity, &c."

The treaty of peace was, after many conferences, concluded on the 29th of August, 1842—relieving us from the difficulties of a distant and expensive war, and securing to us more than was expected, and all that was ever hoped for; and this was accomplished in one year from the arrival of Sir Henry Pottinger in China. It stipulated that five ports should be opened to trade, with permission for consuls to reside there; that Hong Kong\* should be ceded to England in perpetuity; that the communications between the respective governments should be on terms of perfect equality; and that the sum of 21,000,000 of dollars should be paid by the Chinese, part being to compensate for the lost opium, part for the Hong Kong merchant's debt, and part for expenses of our expedition. When we consider the difficulties with which Sir Henry Pottinger had to contend, and that on his arrival in China all circumstances were new, all persons and things strange to him, it must, as Lord Aberdeen remarked in the House of Lords, occasion very natural surprise, that, even with the assistance he had from the naval and military commanders, he could have succeeded in concluding such a peace. It is still more a matter of wonder, that by his influence with those with whom he was negotiating, he should have so far overcome their hostile feelings and wounded pride, as in re-establishing our pacific relations with China, to have gained for us their friendship and respect.

We have yet to advert to another occasion on which the judgment of Sir Henry Pottinger was exhibited in China, and one which, we think, has been but little noticed. It may be remembered that very alarming riots took place at Canton in 1842, after hostilities had ceased, and while the functionaries of the two powers were waiting for the return of the treaty from the emperor at Peking. These riots were caused by the infamous conduct of the European sailors of merchant vessels, and their officers were suspected as being by no means free from blame. Their object was to embarrass Sir Henry, defeat the ratification of the treaty, and prevent the regular commerce then about to be established, as less favorable to the smuggling interests than the old system had been. Our envoy, who was then at Hong Kong, saw the matter in its true light, and resisted the advice of the military and naval commanders to send a force to Canton, on the grounds that it would endanger the confidence with which the Chinese people and their authorities were at that moment inspired, and which aided materially in disposing them to yield to our conditions, and that by detaining the troops then ready to return to India, a great and, he thought, an unnecessary expense would be incurred. Sir Henry issued a proclamation—a remarkable and powerful document, and which produced at the moment a great sensation—and he went in person to Canton. The riots were at once suppressed, and every dangerous consequence prevented.

Although Sir Henry Pottinger had stipulated for leave to come home immediately on the termination of hostilities, the many commercial and other details in which he was engaged did not permit him to do so until the close of 1844. In the October of that year he returned to England, and was welcomed with marked testimonies of the public gratitude. The queen was pleased to make him a member of the Privy Council. He was entertained at grand banquets by the cities of London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; was presented with the freedom of those places. He was also entertained by the great towns of Liverpool, Manchester, and Belfast, and received services of plate from several of these cities and towns, as well as from the merchants of Bombay. We further remember that an address was presented to him signed by many thousands of the operatives of Manchester, within three hours of the moment it was suggested. These evidences of the general feeling, and especially the honor conferred on him by the

\* We have taken some pains to make ourselves acquainted with the capabilities of Hong Kong, and with the circumstances connected with its being chosen as a British settlement. It is situated in the neighborhood of an immense trade, and has a magnificent harbor. These two facts are indisputable, and every body can appreciate their importance. Mr Davison in a work of much interest, lately published, entitled "Trade and Travels in the Far East," and who was for twelve months at Hong Kong, says, that "as a depot for goods intended for the Chinese market, I consider the situation of Hong Kong to be unrivalled. As a decisive proof of the eligibility of Hong Kong as a place of trade in the eyes of the Chinese themselves, he mentions that some of them have paid immense sums for ground on which to build stores there. In regard to climate there can be no doubt that it has proved unfavorable, but this disadvantage is shared by Chusan, the only other place named as suitable for a settlement, and probably by any locality along the coast which could be thought of for such a purpose. Much of the unhealthiness of all these places seem referable to temporary and superficial causes—to paludal miasms, exhalations from deserted rice grounds, as well as from naturally swampy spots in the ravines, and from the brushwood growing and rotting there. This we gather from the important work of Dr. Wilson, inspector of our naval hospitals and fleets in China, lately published, and entitled "Medical notes on China." The writer holds (p. 164) that accidental circumstances have helped to fix on the climate of Hong Kong, at the commencement of its colonial history, a much worse character than it will be found to deserve. One main ground of hope arises from this remark, that there appear to be in China great periodic physical movements—times of exacerbation of disease, with long intervals of intermission; and that the accumulation of the causes of endemic being now discharged, a period of comparative immunity will follow. It may thus be that our first appearance in China synchronized with a cycle of disease, and that attention being directed to the removal of exciting causes, the climate will not be found permanently unfavorable to Europeans. There appears to be no reason to blame the government for selecting Hong Kong as the site of our English colony, and none, certainly, for reflecting on our envoy in regard to that transaction. The choice rested between this place and Chusan. It will be remembered what an outcry there was against the latter place, on the ground of its unhealthiness. It ought also to be known that Hong Kong was selected by Mr. Elliot, the predecessor of Sir Henry Pottinger, and that the latter found many costly and public works erected and in progress there, and large sums of money expended both publicly and privately on the island. In this state of affairs, Sir Henry Pottinger referred the choice of the place for our settlement to the ministers at home, stating the comparative advantages of the two places, under consideration, Chusan and Hong Kong, and on what was, we believe, a just estimate of their merits, the government decided for Hong Kong.



Queen, immediately on his arrival in England, were, no doubt, most gratifying to Sir Henry, as acknowledgments of his services.

Sir Henry has, we understand, a fine head and a powerful frame. He is a first rate horseman, and has always been fond of field sports, to which circumstance he was, indeed, a good deal indebted for his life when he escaped from the Mahratta cavalry in 1816. He was married in 1822 to Miss Cooke, the daughter of an officer in the army, and has three children, still very young. He is greatly beloved in private life, and though long engaged with heavy cares, has been at all times marked by the charm of a lively manner. "How can a person with your serious occupations," said a pompous major to him once—"how can you share in the folly of these young men?" "My grave friend," was the reply, "I have my folly for every day's use, and my wisdom for state occasions."

### A STORY OF A GARMENT.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

I had just finished a continental ramble, and found myself at Rotterdam, with the intention of taking steam for London the next morning. There were only two other travellers at the table d'hôte, and with these gentlemen it was necessary to spend a long evening, as it rained in torrents out of doors. One was an Englishman, and one a Hollander, and both as uncompromising subjects as could well be imagined. The former was a man of middle age, very tall, very stiff, very solemn, and very silent; while the latter, who might have been ten years younger, was the conventional Dutchman of the stage and the story-books, with a most respectable corporeity, and a face empty of everything but a kind of grave and lazy good-humour. These two, it appeared, had been fellow-travellers, and had been jumbled, accordingly, into social sympathy; although the fact was indicated more by looks than words, the only conversation that passed between them being an occasional remark in his own language from the Englishman, to which the other responded "Ya, ya—humph!"

Slightly at a loss to commence a conversation, I drew a pair of old gloves from my pocket, and ventured the observation that they had, a day or two before, been a source of trouble to me; that, in fact, I had been unable to get quit of them. On leaving my hotel in the morning, in order to proceed on my journey, I had thrown them behind a chest of drawers, in the hope that, before they were discovered, the arrival of some other guest would relieve me from the stigma of being set down as the owner of such property. But here I reckoned without my host, or rather without my chambermaid; for the girl, in her excessive honesty, pounced upon them the moment my back was turned, and sent them after me by express! I had got off more than two miles, and when we were at length stopped by the broken-winded shouts of the pursuer, the last thing on earth I should have expected to see was the miserable gloves. I was at first disposed, by way of a joke, to present them to the fellow for his trouble; but the laugh of my companions was hopelessly strong against me, and, pocketing the precious articles as relics, I rewarded their preserver with a franc.

"What think you of them, gentlemen?" said I with a social laugh, as I threw down the gloves upon the table when I had finished my story. The middle-aged gentleman looked at them askance for some time, with a grave, and, as I thought, even stern air; he at length extended his hand slowly towards them, took them up, turned them over and over, examined them attentively, and then laying them down again deliberately, looked at me, and shook his head. The honest face of the Dutchman seemed at first to be more capable of reflecting the merriment of mine; indeed his heavy muscles appeared to be actually toiling into a smile; but before the process could be finished, he caught the expression of his friend, when his own subsided into stagnation as before, and he sat for some time eyeing me like a bullock. I began to think I had got into strange company.

"You think you have met with a misfortune," said the middle-aged gentleman at length, in a voice of solemn bitterness. "You flatter yourself you are to be pitied. But, after all, of what a trifling matter have you to complain. Listen to my story. Sir, we are now in the very town where, twelve months ago, a case precisely similar to the one you have described was followed by results which would make the hair of the world stand on end!" After this startling announcement he wiped his clammy brow, and seemed to gulp down some terrible reminiscences.

"Were they gloves?" said I after a time, trying to lead him on.

"No, sir, they were not gloves. Have gloves alone the faculty of wearing themselves out? It was a garment, sir—and a very important garment too!"—and turning to his friend, he repeated the words resolutely—"It was a garment, I say!"

"Ya, ya—humph!" replied the Dutchman.

"It was at Venice my misgivings commenced," he continued, "as I was stepping into a gondola; and there I had abundant opportunity of obtaining what was necessary. But it was not to be. Like all travellers who know the world, I was provided with needle and thread; and the down cushions and tranquil waters of the defunct city deluded me into a fatal security. At Padua, my first halt, there was no light to purchase in the cloistered streets, for my eyes are not good; and at Verona, I was occupied in the contemplation of the tomb of Juliet."

"The tomb of Fudge!" interrupted I, willing to show that I too had travelled.

"Be it so," said he with dignity: "if Fudge were associated with woman's loveliness and truth, the tomb of Fudge would answer the pilgrim's purpose as well as that of Juliet. It is an idea we worship at Verona, and I want no human dust, no relic, to fix my devotion."

"But touching the article?"

"Sir, it was impossible. I could not have done such a thing there. I did not foresee," continued he hesitatingly, "when I commenced this narrative, that it would be necessary to disclose the object of my rapid journey. But, in few words, gentlemen, there was a lady whom I expected to meet in this town of Rotterdam on her return from a tour, during the continuance of which, circumstances rendered it improper for me to join her. Now this lady"—here the middle-aged gentleman blushed like a girl, as with one long inspiration he drank off a full glass of wine—"now this Juliet—gentlemen, I ask you to tell me, I put it to you as men to say, whether it would have been decorous? You, sir," turning beseechingly to his friend, whom his emotion seemed to puzzle; "am I right?"

"Ya, ya—humph!" replied the Dutchman.

"At Milan I made no stay; and when I left the plains of Italy, and began to ascend the Alps, my uneasiness became extreme. The carriages on a good part of the Simplon route have only one bench, the travellers sitting side by side, and looking out at the opposite window. It is a horrible contrivance, for the jolting occasioned by the want of an equipage is most dangerous to one's garments. I now abandoned all hope of relief before reaching Paris; and I leave

you to guess in what condition, after traversing the Alps, the valley of the Rhone, the Pays de Vaud, and the greater part of France, I arrived at the great capital. In fact I had abandoned the needle and thread in despair, for the stuff and substance of the garment were in such a state of dilapidation as to afford no hold."

"In Paris, at least, your miseries would end?" said I, wondering where this yarn was to terminate. "Hey, mynheer!" I added, turning companionably to that great shining face, the eyes of which were fixed upon the story-teller with intense dullness.

"Ya, ya—humph!" replied the Dutchman.

"In Paris," went on the middle-aged gentleman, "my miseries did not end; but how or why they did not, must ever remain one of the mysteries of our nature. I devoted the single forenoon I was able to spend there to that sole purpose. I traversed the streets not only with stern resolution, but with a burning indignation against myself for having suffered myself so long to be worn by a garment. I looked into shop after shop, but, deluded by the apparently interminable number, always passed on in quest of one more suitable. The obstacle, generally, was the presence of women behind the counter; the men, I presume, being as usual engaged in playing billiards, or drinking sugar and water in the cafe. At length, when my time was just up, I rushed into a warehouse in the Galerie Vivienne, where the master appeared to be alone, and with some difficulty—for I am not a proficient in foreign languages—explained my case to him. He would insist upon measuring me before giving himself the trouble of looking for the article I wanted; and, terrible as the idea was in my then condition, I was absolutely on the point of yielding, when, on turning my head accidentally, there was madame, his lady, behind me, knitting away with astonishing composure, and, as usual, sitting on the counter beside her, a great Siberian cat, which had every appearance of being likewise a female! Gentlemen, I quitted the shop instantaneously, and without an effort on their part to detain me. Among the more civilised English this could not have happened. In London, I should have been compelled, to my own good, but that Frenchman had the incivility to suffer me to depart."

Mortified, stricken, and depressed, I found myself rattling over the incon-siderate stones for Brussels. I never left my seat when I could avoid it, and for good reason. How much do I owe to the companionable qualities of my excellent friend here! Ha, mynheer!"

The good Dutchman acknowledged the compliment with absolute animation.

"You think I had any eye to Brussels? Gentlemen, you do me injustice; my resolution was taken. I worried myself no more about new garments during the journey. My thoughts brooded over my own till our arrival at Rotterdam; and here, in this very house, I at length effected my deliverance."

"Heaven be praised for it!" exclaimed I; "I thought you were going to tell us that you wore the—habillment—to this minute, and that, like Mr. Von Wodenblok with his mechanical leg, you expected to do so when you became a skeleton."

"Oh that such were the case! Oh that I could, as easily as you have laid upon the table your old gloves, exhibit to the company my dilapidated garment! But I will not anticipate. I passed the whole day in walking rapidly through the streets; going up three or four steps at once; striding over the chains that connect the posts; convincing myself and the whole population, by a thousand experiments, that I was no longer afraid. But something remained to be done. The distressing sense of fragility was past which had made me feel as if I was walking on ice and sitting on thorns; but the incubus, dislodged from its seat, still remained, in body and substance, in my carpet-bag. I cannot tell you with what insane hatred I looked on it as I took it out; with what fiend-like triumph I exaggerated its rents, and poked my fingers through its decayed fabric! To leave the miserable remnant in a house where I was known was impossible; but all things seemed easy in my new elasticity of mind and body; and, making it up in a brown paper parcel, I went forth for the purpose of dropping it somewhere. The chambermaid eyed it strangely as I passed her on the stair; and when I got into the hall, the boots would insist upon carrying it for me. Even in the street it seemed an object of curiosity to the passers-by, who perhaps recognised me as the tall gentleman who had exhibited so many feats of agility in the forenoon. I walked through the whole town before finding an opportunity of putting my design in execution; but at length, allowing it suddenly to slip from my arm, I turned a corner sharply, and fancied I was safe."

"In London," continued the middle-aged gentleman, "this would really have been the case; the parcel would have disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and would never more have been heard of, unless a reward had been offered in the newspapers. But this wouldn't do in Holland. A score of voices called out to me, no doubt, that I had lost something; and a running procession of six or eight of the inhabitants restored to me the precious property. In deep shame, I took my road again to the inn, though not without forming a resolution by the way; in pursuance of which I clutched up a large stone in passing, and forced it into my pocket. My purpose was to ballast the parcel with the stone, and, under cover of the evening, to throw it into the canal."

"When the evening came, I went forth on this errand with less courage than on the former occasion. My disappointment may have had some effect in depressing me, but the associations of secrecy and darkness likewise pressed upon my mind. I felt as if I were engaged in a criminal action; and, when threading the water streets of Rotterdam, which were now almost deserted, I started every now and then at the appearance of a watchman, as if I had seen a ghost. Nay, I fancied at last that my heels were dogged by the police, and that the watchmen I met were one and the same individual. In vain I argued with myself that the penalties of law did not attach to the making away with an obsolete garment; the hour, the darkness, the stealthiness of my step, bore witness against me; and when at length, finding what seemed a suitable opportunity, I knelt by the side of the canal near one of the bridges, it was with an unsteady hand I dropped the parcel into the water, and with a quaking heart heard the splash with which it disappeared in its depths."

"Now, thought I, that pest of a parcel is fairly done for. Never more shall I be plagued with its odious presence! The idea of relief, however, had been scarcely formed, ere I was in the gripe of a watchman; in another instant I was handcuffed; and before I could rally my thoughts sufficiently to comprehend what had happened, I was in the office of police. From a few words of English spoken by some of the crowd, I learned the nature of the accusation against me; and after a brief examination, I was locked up in the cell of the place, on a charge—yes, gentlemen, on a charge of infanticide! It was a baby, it seems, I had made away with, and not an old garment. I had been observed prowling about with the awful burden at an early hour; I had dropped it purposely in the street, and had exhibited signs of terror and confusion when it was restored to me; and the party who picked it up, could undertake to swear that it had the feel of an infantine corpse. If you add to this the fact, that when the evening closed in I was seen with it again, traversing alone the most unfrequented parts



of the canal, and at length dropping it secretly into the sullen waters, you have an irresistible body of circumstantial evidence against me. My brain wandered; and when sitting in that lonely cell, with no other light than that of the dull sky seen through the iron grating, I believed myself for a time the guilty wretch they so clearly made me out to be. I wished for morning, that I might be taken before the magistrate and confess the murder! The constables opened the door every now and then to see that I was not laying violent hands upon myself. Perhaps they were right; perhaps they were wrong. It was as well. It did no harm.

"But even when this nervous feeling subsided, my mind was little easier, for imaginary horrors gave way to real ones. Rotterdam was a large town, and far from innocent of the crime of child-murder; and the part of the canal I had selected for my misdeed was the most eligible spot it afforded for getting rid of any evidence of guilt. The canal must be dragged in the morning; they could not condemn me to the scaffold without that preliminary; but was it impossible, was it improbable, that the corpse of an infant might be found in the same locality with my garment?"

"The morning at length came, and all Rotterdam rung with the crime that had been perpetrated the night before. The avenues of the place of justice were crowded from an early hour; and among the persons who obtained admission into the court, were the guests of this hotel, including one who had just arrived—the lady I have already alluded to. This last circumstance I was not aware of till I had entered the dock, and it gave a desperate calmness to my feelings; for now, even if both bundles should be fished out of the canal, it seemed to me of very little importance which I should acknowledge, the corpse or the garment. The evidence, however, was gone through, and my guilt became more and more manifest, till at length it was announced that the body had been found, and was now about to be produced in court.

"Gentlemen, in union with keen sensibilities I possess nerves of iron, and I did not faint. Owing to the shortness of my sight, I could not discern the nature of the bundle now brought forward; but when asked, through the interpreter, whether I acknowledged it to be the one I had sunk in the canal, I replied, with frightful calmness, that I did, profoundly indifferent as to whether or not the confession would conduct me to the scaffold. The next moment the contents were held up before the court—the old, miserable, bygone, obsolete, defunct, tattered, mud-stained nether garment—and as a wild guffaw, mingled with shrill shrieks of female laughter, shook the ceiling, I lost recollection."

At this conclusion, so far from being able to keep my countenance, I could hardly keep my seat; and at the insult, the middle-aged gentleman started up, and expanding to his full height, seemed to be looking round for a victim. Fortunately his eyes rested at the moment upon my old gloves, and snatching them up, he tore them finger from finger, flung them violently into the fire, and strode out of the room.

"What!" exclaimed the Hollander in his own language, as he rose to follow our friend; "what is the matter? What did he tear your gloves for? What has he been talking so long about?"

"What!" said I, staring at the new original, "do you not understand English?"

"English! Certainly not—no more than he understands Dutch!"

## WILD SPORTS AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HIGHLANDS.—[Continued].

BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

It is totally impossible to follow our author through anything like his range of subjects, extending from the hart to the seal and otter, from the eagle and wild swan to the ouzel. One or two specimens we shall give, in order that you, our dear and sporting reader, may judge whether these encomiums of ours are exaggerated or misplaced. We are, so say our enemies, but little given to laudation, and far too ready when occasion offers, and sometimes when it does not, to clutch hastily at the knout. You who know us better, and whom indeed we have partially trained up in the wicked ways of criticism, must long ago have been aware, that if we err at all, it is upon the safe side. But be that as it may, you will not, we are sure, refuse to join with us in admiring the beauty of the following description;—it is of the heronry on the Findhorn—a river of peculiar beauty, even in this land of lake, of mountain, and of flood.

"I observe that the herons in the heronry on the Findhorn are now busily employed in sitting on their eggs—the heron being one of the first birds to commence breeding in this country. A more curious and interesting sight than the Findhorn heronry I do not know: from the top of the high Rocks on the east side of the river you look down into every nest—the herons breeding on the opposite side of the river, which is here very narrow. The cliffs and rocks are studded with splendid pines and larch, and fringed with all the more lowly but not less beautiful underwood which abounds in this country. Conspicuous amongst these are the bird-cherry and mountain-ash, the holly, and the wild rose; while the golden blossoms of furze and broom enliven every crevice and corner in the rock. Opposite to you is a wood of larch and oak, on the latter of which trees are crowded a vast number of the nests of the heron. The foliage and small branches of the trees on which the nests are placed. The same nests, slightly repaired, are used year after year. Looking down at them from the high banks of the Altyre side of the river, you can see directly into their nests, and can become acquainted with the whole of their domestic economy. You can plainly see the green eggs, and also the young herons, who fearlessly, and conscious of the security they are left in, are constantly passing backwards and forwards, and alighting on the topmost branches of the larch or oak trees; whilst the still younger birds sit bolt upright in the nest, snapping their beaks together with a curious sound. Occasionally a grave-looking heron is seen balancing himself by some incomprehensible feat of gymnastics on the very topmost twig of a larch-tree, where he swings about in an unsteady manner, quite unbecoming so sage-looking a bird. Occasionally a thiefish jackdaw dashes out from the cliffs opposite the heronry, and flies straight into some unguarded nest, seizes one of the large green eggs, and flies back to his own side of the river, the rightful owner of the eggs pursuing the active little robber with loud cries and the most awkward attempts at catching him.

"The heron is a noble and picturesque-looking bird, as she sails quietly through the air with outstretched wings and slow flight; but nothing is more ridiculous and undignified than her appearance as she vainly chases the jackdaw or hooded crow who is carrying off her egg, and darting rapidly round the angles and corners of the rocks. Now and then, every heron raises its head and looks on the alert as the peregrine falcon, with rapid and direct flight, passes their crowded dominion; but intent on his own nest, built on the rock some little way further on, the hawk takes no notice of his long-legged neighbours, who soon settle down again into their attitude of rest. The kestrel hawk frequents the same part of the river, and lives in amity with the wood-pigeons that

breed in every cluster of ivy which clings to the rocks. Even that bold and fearless enemy of all the pigeon race, the sparrow hawk, frequently has her nest within a few yards of the wood-pigeon; and you see these birds (at all other seasons such deadly enemies) passing each other in their way to and from their respective nests in perfect peace and amity. It has seemed to me that the sparrow-hawk and wood-pigeon, during the breeding season, frequently enter into a mutual compact against the crows and jackdaws, who are constantly on the lookout for the eggs of all other birds. The hawk appears to depend on the vigilance of the wood-pigeon to warn him of the approach of these marauders; and then the brave little warrior sallies out, and is not satisfied till he has driven the crow to a safe distance from the nests of himself and his more peaceable ally. At least in no other way can I account for these two birds so very frequently breeding not only in the same range of rock, but within two or three yards of each other."

Now for the wild swan. You will observe that it is now well on in October, and that the weather is peculiarly cold. There is snow already lying on the tops of the nearer hills—the further mountains have assumed a coat of white, which, with additions, will last them until the beginning of next summer; and those long black streaks which rise upwards, and appear to us at this distance so narrow, are, in reality, the great ravines in which two months ago we were cautiously stalking the deer. The bay is now crowded with every kind of aquatic fowl. Day after day, strange visitants have been arriving from the north; and at nightfall you may hear them quacking and screaming and gabbling for many miles along the shore. Every moonlight night the woodcock and snipe are dropping into the thickets, panting and exhausted by their flight from rugged Norway, a voyage during which they can find no resting place for the sole of their foot. In stormy weather the light-houses are beset with flocks of birds, who, their reckoning lost, are attracted by the blaze of the beacon, dash wildly towards it, as to some place of refuge, and perish from the violence of the shock. As yet, however, all is calm; and lo, in the moonlight, a great flight of birds stooping down towards the bay!—noiselessly at first, but presently, as they begin to sweep lower, trumpeting and calling to each other; and then, with a mighty rustling of their pinions, and a dash as of a vessel launched into the waters, the white wild-swans settle down into the centre of the glittering bay! To your tents, ye sportsmen! for ball and cartridge; and now circumbent them if you can.

"My old garde-chasse insisted on my starting early this morning, *valens valens*, to certain lochs six or seven miles off, in order, as he termed it, to take our 'satisfaction' of the swans. I must say that it was a matter of very small satisfaction to me, the tramping off in a sleety, rainy morning, through a most forlorn and hopeless-looking country for the chance, and that a bad one, of killing a wild swan or two. However, after a weary walk, we arrived at these desolate-looking lochs: they consist of three pieces of water, the largest about three miles in length and one in width; the other two, which communicate with the largest, are much smaller and narrower, indeed scarcely two gunshots in width; for miles around them the country is flat, and intersected with a mixture of swamp and sandy hillocks. In one direction the sea is only half a mile from the lochs, and in calm winter weather the wild-fowl pass the daytime on the salt water, coming inland in the evenings to feed. As soon as we were within sight of the lochs we saw the swans on one of the smaller pieces of water, some standing high and dry on the grassy islands, trimming their feathers after their long journey, and others feeding on the grass and weeds at the bottom of the loch, which in some parts was shallow enough to allow of their pulling up the plants which they feed on as they swam about: while numbers of wild-ducks of different kinds, particularly widgeons, swarmed round them and often snatched the pieces of grass from the swans as soon as they had brought them to the surface, to the great annoyance of the noble birds, who endeavoured in vain to drive away these more active little depredators, who seemed determined to profit by their labours. Our next step was to drive the swans away from the loch they were on; it seemed a curious way of getting a shot, but as the old man seemed confident of the success of his plan, I very submissively acted according to his orders. As soon as we moved them, they all made straight for the sea. 'That won't do,' was my remark. 'Yes, it will though; they'll not stop there long to-day with this great wind, but will all be back before the clock chaps two.' 'Faith, I should like to see any building that could contain a clock, and where we might take shelter,' was my inward cogitation. The old man, however, having delivered this prophecy, set to work making a small ambuscade by the edge of the loch which the birds had just left, and pointed it out to me as my place of refuge from one o'clock to the hour when the birds would arrive.

"In the meantime we moved about in order to keep ourselves warm, as a more wintry day never disgraced the month of October. In less than half an hour we heard the signal cries of the swans, and soon saw them in a long undulating line fly over the low sand-hills which divided the sea from the largest loch, where they all alighted. My commander for the time being, then explained to me, that the water in this loch was everywhere too deep for the swans to reach the bottom even with their long necks, in order to pull up the weeds on which they fed, and that at their feeding time, that is about two o'clock, they would, without doubt, fly over to the smaller lochs, and probably to the same one from which we had originally disturbed them. I was accordingly placed in my ambuscade, leaving the keeper at some distance, to help me as opportunity offered—a cold comfortless time of it we (i. e. my retriever and myself) had. About two o'clock, however, I heard the swans rise from the upper loch, and in a few moments they all passed high over my head, and after taking a short survey of our loch (luckily without seeing me,) they alighted at the end of it furthest from the place where I was ensconced, and quite out of shot, and they seemed more inclined to move away from me than come towards me. It was very curious to watch these wild birds as they swam about quite unconscious of danger, and looking like so many domestic fowls. Now came the able generalship of my keeper, who seeing that they were inclined to feed at the other end of the loch, began to drive them towards me, at the same time taking great care not to alarm them enough to make them take flight. This he did by appearing at a long distance off, and moving about without approaching the birds, but as if he was pulling grass or engaged in some other piece of labour. When the birds first saw him, they all collected in a cluster, and giving a general low cry of alarm, appeared ready to take flight; this was the ticklish moment, but soon, outwitted by his manoeuvres, they dispersed again, and busied themselves in feeding. I observed that frequently all their heads were under the water at once, excepting one—but invariably one bird kept his head and neck perfectly erect, and carefully watched on every side to prevent their being taken by surprise; when he wanted to feed, he touched any passer-by, who immediately relieved him in his guard, and he in his turn called on some other swan to take his place as sentinel.

"After waiting some little time, and closely watching the birds in all their



graceful movements, sometimes having a swan within half a shot of me, but never getting two or three together. I thought of some of my assistant's instructions which he had given me *en route* in the morning, and I imitated as well as I could, the bark of a dog: immediately all the swans collected in a body, and looked round to see where the sound came from. I was not above forty yards from them, so gently raising myself on my elbow, I pulled the trigger, aiming at a forest of necks. To my dismay, the gun did not go off, the wet or something else having spoilt the cap. The birds were slow in rising, so without pulling the other trigger, I put on another cap, and standing up, fired right and left at two of the largest swans as they rose from the loch. The cartridge told well on one, who fell dead into the water; the other flew off after the rest of the flock, but presently turned back, and after making two or three graceful sweeps over the body of his companion, fell headlong, perfectly dead, almost upon her body. The rest of the birds, after flying a short distance away, also returned, and flew for a minute or two in a confused flock over the two dead swans, uttering their bugle-like and harmonious cries; but finding that they were not joined by their companions, presently fell into their usual single rank, and went undulating off towards the sea, where I heard them for a long time trumpeting and calling.

"Handsome as he is, the wild swan is certainly not so graceful on the water as a tame one. He has not the same proud and elegant arch of the neck, nor does he put up his wings while swimming, like two snow-white sails. On the land a wild swan when winged makes such good way, that if he gets much start it requires good running to overtake him."

Confound that Regatta! What on earth had we to do on board that yacht, racing against the Meteor, unconquered winger of the western seas? Two days ago we could have sworn that no possible temptation could divorce us from our unfinished article; and yet here we are with unsullied pen, under imminent danger of bartering our reputation and plighted faith to Ebony, for some undesirable nautical evolutions, a sack race, and the skeleton of a ball! After all, it must be confessed that we never spent two more pleasant days. Bright eyes, grouse-pie, and the joyousness of happy youth, were all combined together; and if, with a fair breeze and a sunny sky, there can be fun in a smack or a steamer, how is it possible with such company to be dull on board of the prettiest craft that ever cleaved her way, like a wild swan, up the windings of a highland loch! But we must make up for lost time. As we live, there are Donald and Ian with the boat at the rocks! and we now remember with a shudder that we trusted them for this morning to convey us across to the Moors! Here is a pretty business! Let us see—the month is rapidly on the wane—we have hardly, in sporting phrase, broken the back of this leading article. Shall we give up the moors, and celebrate this day as another Eve of St John? There is a light mist lying on the opposite hill, but in an hour or two it will be drawn up like a curtain by the sunbeams, and then every bush and heather will be sparkling with dewdrops, far brighter than a carcanet of diamonds. What a fine elasticity and freshness there is in the morning air! A hundred to one the grouse will sit like stones. Donald, my man, are there many birds on the hill? Plenty, did you say, and a fair sprinkling of black-cock! This breeze will carry us over in fifty minutes—will it? That settles the question. Off with your caulker, and take down the dogs to the boat. We shall be with you in the snapping of a copper-cap.

This article, if finished at all, must be written with the keelavine pen on the backs of old letters—whereof, thank heaven! we have scores unanswered—by fits and snatches, as we repose from our labours on the green-sward; so we shall even take up our gun, and trust for inspiration to the noble scenery around us. Is everything in? Well, then, push off, and for a time let us get rid of care.

What sort of fishing have they had at the salmon-nets, Ian? Very bad, for they're saifashed wi' the sealghs. In that case it may be advisable to drop a ball into our dexter barrel, in case one of these oleaginous depredators should show his head above water. We have not had a tussel with a phoca since, some ten years ago, we surprised one basking on the sands of the bay of Cromarty. No, Donald, we did not kill him. We and a dear friend, now in New Zealand, who was with us, were armed with no better weapon than our fishing rods, and the sealgh, after standing two or three thumps with tolerable philosophy, fairly turned upon us, and exhibited such tusks that we were glad to let him make his way without further molestation to the water. The seal is indeed a greedy fellow, and ten times worse than his fresh-water cousin the otter, who, it seems is considered by the poor people in the north country as rather a benefactor than otherwise. The latter is a dainty epicure—a *gourmand* who despises to take more than one steak from the sappy shoulder of the salmon; and he has usually the benevolence to leave the fish, little the worse for his company, on some scrap or ledge of rock, where it can be picked up and converted into savoury kipper. He is, moreover, a sly and timid creature, without the impudence of the seal, who will think nothing of swimming into the nets, and actually taking out the salmon before the eyes of the fishermen. Strong must be the twine that would hold an entangled seal. An aquatic Samson, he snaps the meshes like thread, and laughs at the discomfiture of the tacksman, who is dancing like a demoniac on the shore; and no wonder, for nets are expensive, and the rent in that one is wide enough to admit a bullock.

Mr. St. John—a capital sportsman, Donald—has had many an adventure with the seals; and I shall read you what he says about them, in a clever little book which he has published—What the deuce! We surely have not been ass enough to forget this volume! No—here it is at the bottom of our pocket, concealed and covered by the powder flask:

"Sometimes at high-water, and when the river is swollen, a seal comes in pursuit of salmon into the Findhorn, notwithstanding the smallness of the stream and its rapidity. I was one day, in November, looking for wild-ducks near the river, when I was called to by a man who was at work near the water, and who told me that some 'muckle beast' was playing most extraordinary tricks in the river. He could not tell me what beast it was, but only that it was something 'no canny.' After waiting a short time, the riddle was solved by the appearance of a good sized seal, into whose head I instantly sent a cartridge, having no balls with me. The seal immediately plunged and splashed about at a most furious rate, and then began swimming round and round in a circle, upon which I gave him the other barrel, also loaded with one of Eley's cartridges, which quite settled the business, and he floated rapidly away down in the stream. I sent my retriever after him, but the dog, being very young and not come to his full strength, was baffled by the weight of the animal and the strength of the current, and could not land him; indeed, he was very near getting drowned himself, in consequence of his attempts to bring in the seal, who was still struggling. I called the dog away, and the seal immediately sank. The next day I found him dead on the shore of the bay, with (as the man who skinned him expressed himself) 'twenty-three pellets of large hai in his craig.'

"Another day, in the month of July, when shooting rabbits on the sand-hills,

a messenger came from the fishermen at the stake nets, asking me to come in that direction, as the muckle sealgh' was swimming about, waiting for the fish to be caught in the nets, in order to commence his devastation.

"I accordingly went to them, and having taken my observations of the locality and the most feasible points of attack, I got the men to row me out to the end of the stake-net, where there was a kind of platform of netting, on which I stretched myself, with a bullet in one barrel and a cartridge in the other. I then directed the men to row the boat away, as if they had left the nets. They had scarcely gone three hundred yards from the place when I saw the seal, who had been floating apparently unconcerned, at some distance, swim quietly and fearlessly up to the net. I had made a kind of breastwork of old netting before me, which quite concealed me on the side from which he came. He approached the net, and began examining it leisurely and carefully to see if any fish were in it; sometimes he was under and sometimes above the water. I was much struck by his activity while underneath where I could most plainly see him, particularly as he twice dived almost below my station, and the water was clear and smooth as glass.

"I could not get a good shot at him for some time; at last, however he put up his head at about fifteen or twenty yards' distance from me; and while he was intent on watching the boat, which was hovering about waiting to see the result of my plan of attack, I fired at him, sending the ball through his brain. He instantly sank without a struggle, and a perfect torrent of blood came up, making the water red for some feet round the spot where he lay stretched out at the bottom. The men immediately rowed up, and taking me into the boat, we managed to bring him up with a boat-hook to the surface of the water, and then, as he was too heavy to lift into the boat (his weight being 378 lbs.) we put a rope round his flippers, and towed him ashore. A seal of this size is worth some money, as, independently of the value of his skin, the blubber (which lies under the skin, like that of a whale) produces a large quantity of excellent oil. This seal had been for several years the dread of the fishermen at the stake nets, and the head man at the place was profuse in his thanks for the destruction of a beast upon whom he had expended a most amazing quantity of lead. He assured me that L. 100 would not repay the damage the animal had done. Scarcely any two seals are exactly the same colour or marked quite alike; and seals, frequenting a particular part of the coast, become easily known and distinguished from each other."

But what is Scrip youffing at from the bow? A seal? No, it is a shoal of porpoises. There they go with their great black fins above the water in pursuit of the herring, which ought to be very plenty on this coast. Yonder, where the gulls are screaming and diving, with here and there a solan goose and a cormorant in the midst of the flock, must be a patch of the smaller fry. The water is absolutely boiling as the quick-eyed creatures dart down upon their prey; and though, on an ordinary day, you will hardly see a single seagull in this part of the loch, for the shores are neither steep nor rocky, yet there they are in myriads, attracted to the spot by that unerring and inexplicable instinct which seems to guide all wild animals to their booty, and that from distances where neither sight nor scent could possibly avail them. This peculiarity has not escaped the observant eye of our author.

"How curiously quick is the instinct of birds in finding out their food. Where peas or other favourite grain is sown, wood pigeons and tame pigeons immediately congregate. It is not easy to ascertain from whence the former come, but the house pigeons have often been known to arrive in numbers on a new sown field the very morning after the grain is laid down although no pigeon-house, from which they could come, exists within several miles of the place.

"Put down a handful or two of unthreshed oat-straw in almost any situation near the seacoast, where there are wild-ducks, and they are sure to find it out the first or second night after it has been left there.

"There are many almost incredible stories of the acuteness of the raven's instinct in guiding it to the dead carcass of any large animal, or even in leading it to the neighbourhood of the near approach of death. I myself have known several instances of the raven finding out dead bodies of animals in a very short space of time. One instance struck me very much. I had wounded a stag on a Wednesday. The following Friday, I was crossing the hills at some distance from the place, but in the direction towards which the deer had gone. Two ravens passed me, flying in a steady straight course. Soon again two more flew by, and two others followed, all coming from different directions, but making direct for the same point. 'Deed, sir,' said the Highlander with me, 'the corbies have just found the stag; he will be lying dead about the head of the muckle burn.' By tracing the course of the birds, we found that the man's conjecture was correct, as the deer was lying within a mile of us, and the ravens were making for its carcass. The animal had evidently only died the day before, but the birds had already made their breakfast upon him, and were now on their way to their evening meal. Though occasionally we had seen a pair of ravens soaring high overhead in that district, we never saw more than that number; but now there were some six or seven pairs already collected, where from we knew not. When a whale, or other large fish, is driven ashore on the coast of any of the northern islands, the ravens collect in amazing numbers, almost immediately coming from all directions and from all distances, led by the unerring instinct which tells them that a feast is to be found in a particular spot."

We should not wonder if the ancient augurs, who, no doubt, were consummate scoundrels, had an inkling of this extraordinary fact. If so, it would have been obviously easy at the simple expenditure of a few pounds of bullock's liver, to get up any kind of ornithological vaticination. A dead ram, dexterously hidden from the sight of the spectators behind the Aventine, would speedily have brought birds enough to have justified any amount of warlike expeditions to the Peloponnesus; while a defunct goat to the left of the Esquiline, would collect sooties by the scores, and forebode the death of Cæsar. We own that formerly we ourselves were not altogether exempt from superstitious notions touching the mission of magpies; but henceforward we shall cease to consider them, even when they appear by threes, as bound up in some mysterious manner with our destiny, and shall rather attribute their apparition to the unexpected deposit of an egg.—[To be concluded next week.]

## PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

This author has done wisely to return to the line of literature he illustrates with so much truth and feeling. No one paints better the rural life of England. It is no fiction to say that some natures have quicker susceptibility than others to the charms of the country—that they have a passion for the free air, the open sky, the waving foliage, the varied scenery of hill and plain. All their senses become more acute from an attentive observation of nature. Their ear distinguishes the voices of different trees as they bend and sing to the breeze; the air is made vocal with the language of birds. Their eye discerns



pictures at every cottage door, and sees landscapes in every shaded avenue, and in every opening to the distant country. Their perfumes are the new-mown hay, the hedge of hawthorn and brier, the blossoms of spring, the flowers of summer, the refreshing coolness of the earth as it greedily drinks in the falling rain, and the wholesome smell of the wood fire. To their perception there is a wide difference in the scent of the morning and evening air, though each is delightful. Nothing is more graceful to them than the curling smoke from the chimney that just peeps above the lowly thatch. The movements of the clouds and the changes in the sky are for them a gorgeous panorama, out-rivaling all that art can produce. These tastes are not at once to be acquired—the faculties must be in some measure educated to them. Gainsborough, Wilson, and Moreland, possessed them among painters; Thomas Miller possesses them among writers.

Whoever can admire a reflection of this kind of mind must be pleased with these "Pictures of Country Life." Nothing can be more real, though perhaps the rustic happiness that pervades them will be thought exaggerated by the habitual dwellers in cities. To them there is nothing attractive in the peasant's lot; their mind is full of the Dorsetshire labourers, and of Mr. Ralph Osborne's investigations. They have yet to learn the beneficence of God. He has decreed that contentment and happiness shall not consist in luxuries. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, find existence, simple existence, joyous and grateful. It is the same, but in a higher degree, with man. Nature has ordained that the mere healthful play of his faculties shall be a blessing to him. Every being with enough of food to support him adequately, and free from the artificial cares of life, must spend his days—why should we not write it!—in happiness, because he is surrounded with objects of enjoyment, grateful to his senses. It is a mistaken view of the scheme of Providence to suppose that it limits happiness to those who possess competence. The peasant who sleeps under shadow of the village church, with a rude stone above his head, telling how he laboured for seventy or eighty years—there are plenty such stones in every rural churchyard—surely had some happiness in life. Those who receive prizes at the much, but ignorantly, condemned agricultural meetings for forty, fifty, and sixty years' service have doubtless had their lot of labour sweetened. When the primal curse fell on man, mercy was not extinguished. If his bread was to be won with the sweat of his brow, it was decreed that his toil should not be without alleviation and reward.

Our author has been an osier-peeler, or willow-weaver, or basket-maker. The occupation is not of the most profitable, nor is he, if truth be told, the most contented with things as they are. Yet in his chapter on the osier-peelers he shows that these poor labourers had joys as pure and as fresh, most likely much purer, much fresher, than those that are tasted by people in a higher rank. Hear him, then, on

#### THE COMMENCEMENT OF OSIER-PEELING.

"About the time of Palm Sunday osier-peeling commences, if the spring is forward; and, at Easter, branches of the willow are cut off and borne home; but why the name of 'palm' is given to them we know not, although the smooth, silvery-looking buds which appear before the leaves are called the palms, and it is a common expression to say, 'the osiers have begun to palm'; and even our old dictionaries call the white buds of the willow palms. These, then, are gathered at Easter, and placed, amid the earliest flowers, in water, ornamenting the mantel-pieces and window-sills of many an English cottage, and recalling our Saviour's solemn entry into Jerusalem. This ancient custom arises as fresh in the memory as if it was an occurrence of yesterday, for it is associated with the first gatherings of primroses, violets, bluebells, and lilies of the valley, which grew, ankle-deep, within the woods that crowned the green hills above our native home. Then came the first harvest of the spring—the earliest outdoor employment—that called the village wives, maids, and children from their cottage hearths, where they had been basking through the long winter; for now the sun shone, and there was a warmth in the breeze, a primrose colour about the sky, and a bright silvery look on the river; the palms of the osiers were giving place to the leaves, and the peeling season was at hand. Many an enamoured swain looked smilingly upon his rustic Phillis, for the days of out-of-door courtship had again returned, and he might now exclaim, with Solomon, 'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' Old women turned out of their thatched homes, with men's coats on to keep them warm, for they studied comfort before appearance; little children accompanied their mothers in all kinds of costumes—one bearing a basket, another a bottle, and a third carrying a huge brown loaf: then come village maidens, warmly clad, yet with some approach to rustic finery—for one or two of the osier-cutters are young, good-looking men; and John, who 'breaks,' and William, who ties up and weighs, have rather a 'natty' appearance; and you see at a glance that labour and love are likely to go hand in hand. Merry was the group, dear old Duncan, which in former days assembled in Parnell's Holt, beside the river Trent, or threaded their way down the haunted lane of Humble-Carr, with its legend of the 'Grey Old Ash Tree,' first told by itself, and now woven into verse, after long experience has made our hand familiar with the pen."

The legend is good, and well told in verse, that has a rustic smack, but it is too long for us, and we have more pleasure in gazing on

#### THE OSIER-PEELERS AT WORK.

"What an aroma rises from the peelings when the warm sunshine beats upon them!—just such a smell as you inhale in summer in a green old forest; yet, if aught sweeter, it is something between what you sniff from an hawthorn hedge in full blossom and the blended odour of a hay field: it is the very essence of healthy air. How beautiful do the osiers look when they are peeled! so white and innocent! fit things to make cradles, or 'chariots for the innocent,' as they have been poetically called; quiet, white little nests for lovely young mothers to sit beside and rock, while they chant that delightful air which the author of 'Waverley' married to immortal verse; and which we never hear without thinking of one who is no more, and whose singing of 'Slumber my Darling' made us, like *Miranda* in Shakespeare's 'Tempest,'

'Fools to weep at what we were glad of'

The man who can gaze upon an innocent child, asleep in its little osier cot, without some emotion that awakens either a sigh or a smile, 'has no poetry in his soul!' Oh, woman! woman! what are thy feelings then? Compared to thee, we are indeed of the 'earth, earthy!'

"A cold day in April must not prevent the work from proceeding, for there are piles of old stocks, or roots which have been stubbed up; and these, with the dry osier-peelings, will make a glorious fire; and the white smoke will roll curling over the green tops of the willows, adding a new beauty to the scene. Then the bleak north wind comes keen and cutting across the river, and the old women are afraid of a return of their rheumatics, while the younger ones look

imploringly at their lovers, until snakes are driven into the ground and hung over with a curtaining of peelings through which no wind can pierce; and, here and there, little arbours are made of the same materials, just large enough for two to shelter in each, whilst 'the rain is over and gone.' And in those little recesses you often catch 'love's first whisper;' not from the all but breathing forms which Marshall calls up from marble, and 'they come;' but from strong likeness of the ancient Saxons—the round, healthy face, and bulk and bone; such as the eye of Alfred may have looked proudly upon, when he led them into battle against the unbelieving Danes; for in those parts where our scene is laid there is more of the Anglo-Saxon retained in their dialect than in any other quarter of England."

They have their feasts, which they enjoy more than any guest at the Lord Mayor's table enjoys the banquet. Witness the groups at their

#### ANDREW-TIME.

"But it is now 'Andrew-time'—what a name for the hour of luncheon! How came this old Greek word to be thus used? What a peeping into baskets! What delight is depicted on the countenances of the children!—some of whom had breakfasted before they left home, perhaps as early as six o'clock, and they had to walk two or three miles to the Osier Holt. No marvel that they are again hungry, although it is but ten now; and they will be ready for their dinners at twelve, and long before four inquire if it is not time to have the 'Afternoon Andrew.' What lumps of bacon are produced! 'Cold potatoes are devoured with as much avidity as if they contained the flavour of cold chickens. Great pies are drawn out of their lurking-places; bottle of milk and beer, which have been placed under the green peelings to be kept cool, make appearance; and these, with cheese and bread, fill up a capital bill of fare. Some one, perchance, poorer than the rest, or with a larger family, sits apart, half ashamed lest her poverty should be seen; and there you may often meet with a display of delicacy, so gently done, so feelingly administered, that you marvel how the rough school of nature only could give cottagers such a courtly finish:—'Do, Mrs. So-and-so, taste of this ham; it is of our own feeding and curing, and I should like your opinion of it.' How delicate the pretext for handing over a lumping half-pound to those who, perhaps, had no meat; with only an additional excuse that 'the children must taste it too!' Then Mary, to find the road to John's heart all the readier, has made a cheesecake, or a custard, or some nicely flavoured pie—a gentle hint of her good cookery before marriage:—how can he otherwise than love her who has produced such sweet things? How careful he is to arrange the screen at her back—to throw over it an extra armful of peelings—to cut the driest and softest rushes for her to sit upon! How sweet would love be if it never went beyond courtship; or, if after, as before, each strived only to please the other! Still it is a libel on the tenderest passion to say, 'When Poverty enters the door, Love flies out at the window.' The struggles made to keep out of those cursed bastles, the new poorhouse, are the clearest contradictions to this untrue adage."

And still, in the thickest of the work, it is permitted to these poor out-of-door labourers to taste

#### PLEASURE IN TOIL.

"Work progresses, willows go whistling through the break. Then you see a hand pass along the green and loosened skin, and the beautiful white osier slips out of its sheath—a long taper fishing-rod, which a boy would gladly purchase with his holiday halfpenny. Off they are carried when peeled, and spread out to dry on the breezy banks or beside palings; every little party keeping their own lot separate until they are bundled up and weighed; and even then each have their different number cut in notches on the green band with which they are tied into boles or bunches. Every hour the cutters make a greater gap in the Holt. Nests are laid bare; young hares and rabbits are chased; snakes dart off that have come out to sun themselves; while frogs are leaping off in every direction. The morsels of landscape are revealed through the openings thus made: portions of meadow, with cattle, a tree, a far-off hill, or the thatched roof of the farmhouse which stands alone in the fields—while larks keep rising and filling the air with music, and ever from some hidden pasture is heard the bleat of little lambs. Still there are cold and cloudy days, when the river rolls along with sullen roar, as if out of temper with itself, while seeking its hidden playmates the sunbeams."

"What a long dinner-hour the youngsters make—there are water-rats to hunt in the neighbouring dikes, and bird-nests to seek in the surrounding hedges; fishes to watch as they glide in and out through the old sluice-gates, which are thick, and slimy, and dark, and have a drowning and melancholy look when viewed from under the gloomy and ruinous arch which yawns before the outlet of the sluice where its deep waters boil out into the river."

Whoever knows the country will recognise the truth of this description. Who ever saw a group of village children that were not *entirely happy*? Fat, ruddy-faced, curly-headed urchins, sporting in the weather, be it what it may, nourished by the wind, gladdened by the sun, strengthened by the cold, braced by the frost, these beings know as much of the joys of animal existence as it is possible for life to experience.

But age? Well, age! Think not that the age of rural life is the sickly, emaciated existence of the worn-out toiler at the loom and the mill. There is nothing distressing, nothing repugnant to a mind, however humane, in this picture of

#### AN AGED PEASANT WOMAN!

"That old woman who resides at the little cottage beside the pond in winter gathers broken branches and decayed boughs in the woods and lanes, and these she ties up in a bundle of nearly a hundred weight, which she carries on her head to the neighbouring market-town, a distance of nearly three miles, and sells for fourpence. Sometimes she makes two journeys a day, and gets a lift on the road in any wagon or cart that may chance to pass, for no one could refuse so small a favour to an old woman. You may meet her at the entrance of the wood on the bleakest day in winter, when the ground is ankle-deep in snow, and no footmark but her own has invaded that silent solitude: her heavy burden on the little roll which sits on the top of her close-fitting cap; her old-fashioned, faded, black, gipsy bonnet hanging by the strings from her arm, while her weather-stained red cloak adds to her picturesque appearance; and, with a heavy, broken branch for a walking-staff, she trudges along through all weathers, nor does she murmur at her hard lot. The ruddy tinge of health is on her rough, hard cheeks, and her face is marked with numbers of small wrinkles, invisible at a distance, and, when seen close, looking like the fine network of lace. Steadily does she bear her burden, swinging her body to and fro to keep it in even balance; for, when once placed on the roll on her head, she has no need to hold it with her hands. Habit has given her a safe motion, and her resting-places are the tallest gate-posts where she can place the weighty billet, and mount it again on her head without the pain of stooping. It would require the arms of a strong man to lift that bundle of wood from the ground and place it on the round, stuffed roll, that, like a coronet, sits on the summit of her old mob-cap."



Beautifully marked are some of the heavy branches she brings home, covered with various coloured mosses and lichens of every hue, from the frosty-looking white to the deep orange and richly-hued red, which cling to the bark like icicles. Then the aroma she brings with her! that smell of wood and bark, the genuine old forest perfume, retained even while the faggots are burning, and throwing out that delicious fragrance which, on a cold morning, comes so refreshing from the chimneys of a clean, English village; for, next to a hay-field, is the healthy smell of a real forest wood-fire.

"And oh! the brown bread, baked upon the hearth by the red embers of wood—sweetest and purest of all home-made things—to see the dead, white looking ashes cleared from the round tin or earthen vessel which covers the loaf; and to behold the crisp, umbered crust, and, above all, to have a good appetite and a basin of milk just warm from the cow, and a 'hunch' of that warm loaf, is a meal never to be forgotten. You feel as if you were devouring health at every mouthful; as if you were swallowing the substance from all sweet country smells and tastes—a mixture of dew from every sweet wild-flower—perfumes from neighboring hay-fields—hawthorn blossoms gathered, kneaded, and baked—honey with another flavour—cream before it had grown cold or thickened—and the smell of the cow's breath floating over all; and, when you have breakfasted, you feel as if you should never again need a doctor, not if even you lived to reach your hundredth year.

"Happy is that old woman when, seated by her own hearth, she watches the blaze of the branches she has gathered; the red embers that fall below, the splutter and crackle of the burning boughs, as the sap comes frothing out; the fire seems to talk to her; it burns not in silence like coals; it becomes a companion; and the old woman half fancies that the faggots are glad that they have made her so warm and comfortable; they seem to expire cheerfully, as if they preferred such a glowing consumption to lying cold, and frozen, and damp, and covered with snow, and be left to rot in the cheerless, wintry woods. For years has that old woman been a 'Faggot Gatherer.'"

The book is full of sketches of this kind, conceived in a cheerful spirit. If you would know how it is that Thomas Miller paints village life so differently from the reporting boobies that journals send into country districts when they have nothing better to do with them, it is because he has himself experienced the labour, and what is called the "poverty" of country life. He knows its privations, but he knows, also, its joys, and he can understand the happiness even of a faggot-gatherer!

One of the best chapters is that on sheep-shearing. Honestly, it is the best commentary on "The Winter's Tale" we ever read. Every character in the rustic scenes of the play finds its representative among the author's familiar acquaintance. He insists, and he is doubtless right, that his native county, Warwick, was—

#### THE TRUE LOCALITY OF THE SHEEP-SHEARING IN THE "WINTER'S TALE."

"Another character, that of the pedlar, shows how true the picture of sheep-shearing feast is to nature. Although in the play Shakspeare lays the scene in Bohemia, yet almost every line tells us that it was beside the Avon, near his father's homestead, amongst the cottagers with whom he had many a time mingled when a boy. Whenever was there a feast without pedlars, gipsies, fortune-tellers, or beggars being present? We never remember one in our day, although we have visited some scores, such as May-games, harvest-homes, statutes, sheep-shearings, village-wakes, feasts, tummings, potations, and merry makings, with such names as are not to be found in 'Hone's Every-day Book.'"

"They never could have done without Autolycus, he who hath 'songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves; he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; he hath ribbons of all the colours; the rainbow; cambrics, lawns; and he sings them over as if they were gods and goddesses.'"

"How rich, in point of improbability, are the ballads the pedlar disposes of:—'The old usurer's wife brought to bed of twenty money-bags, and longing to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed; the fish that appeared upon the coast, and sung a ballad against the hard heart of maids.' And Mopsa's simple confession, that she loves a ballad in print, 'for then we are sure they are true; and, when the subject soars beyond all probability, and staggers her capacious belief, how easily does she become reconciled by the pedlar asserting that it is signed by 'five justices, and witnesses more than his pack will hold.'"

In spite of modern cant, there is yet joyous hospitality to be found in "merrie England." When did a manufactory ever witness a scene like this—

#### SHEEP-SHEARING FEAST?

"The great copper is filled with fumity, made of boiled wheat, which, when cold, cuts like jelly; currants, raisins, spices of every kind; sugar shot in, in pounds, which, when boiled enough, is emptied into basins and pans, and cooled with new milk. Round this delicious mess assemble the young, three or four, with their huge wooden spoons, eating out of one pansion, or large earthenware vessel, about two feet wide. Sometimes they quarrel like pigs around a trough—one has thrown a spoonful of fumity into the other's face; others have left off, and gone into the orchard to swing; the great kitchen is a very Babel of sounds. Sometimes the feast is in the barn; the immense door is turned into a table, and almost bends beneath its load of provisions. We talk of roast beef—taste what is placed before them! Smell of that chine! what a nosegay; it is stuffed with all kinds of savoury herbs: it tastes like duck, goose, pork, veal, as if all good things were rolled into it and made one. It would make a sick man well only to smell of it. What slices! what appetites! what horns of brown ale they empty! A waiter in a London eating-house would run away horror-stricken, and proclaim a coming famine throughout the land. They eat their peas by spoonfuls, a new potato vanishes at every mouthful; dishes are full and emptied ere you can turn your head. That was a whole ham ten minutes ago; now you behold only the bone. Who ever before saw such enormous plum-puddings? Surely they have eaten enough. Why, that broad-shouldered sun-burnt fellow has clapped a solid pound upon his plate—it is burning hot: look how he holds that large lump, and blows it between his teeth: the tears fairly start into his eyes. Where are those legs of mutton? the chins, and sirloins, and edgebones of beef! Gone, for ever gone. And now come the custards, the cheese-cakes, and tarts. The men will assuredly burst: see, they loosen their neckerchiefs, their waistcoats, as if they were going to begin again in downright earnest. Every man seems as if he had brought the appetite of three."

And then glance into

#### A FARMHOUSE INTERIOR.

"Now let us peep into that pretty parlour. There sit the farmer's daughters at tea. What piles of cakes, honey, butter, eggs, ham, cold fowl! What smiling faces: and some of them are really beautiful—pictures of rosy health. Now they are singing in the kitchen; now the fiddle is heard in the barn; there

is giggling and laughter in the orchard; whisperings somewhere in the garden; children playing at hide-and-seek in the stack-yard. See where those dark-eyed seducers, the gipsies, have congregated outside the farmyard—somehow or another they have come in for their share of the feast: by-and-by they will become more bolder; one bearing a child will venture into the barn, another will follow, and, as the ale-horn circulates, it will, long before midnight, be 'hail fellow well met.'"

In some passages the author exhibits talents of a different and perhaps a higher order. In the chapter on rural cemeteries there is a fine description of

#### THE FUNERAL OF JOSEPH.

"Through what a land of poetry and peril was the dead body of Joseph brought out of Egypt! What painter is there bold enough to grapple with such a subject? Amid all the plagues of Egypt there stood the coffin ready to borne away—in the deep darkness which overshadowed the land it was not forgotten; the pillar of fire flashed upon it by night, and by day it moved slowly behind the pillar of cloud; through the Red Sea was it carried. Between that high and terrible wall of waters, which, when it had passed, rolled back, and became the grave of the haughty Egyptians. Through storm and battle, and the perils of the wilderness, and the thunder which shook Mount Sinai was the body of that dead man borne. When Moses held up his wearied arm, and conquered Amalek, it was still there. On the waves of war was it washed to the promised land; it followed the ark of God when Jordan was divided, and was at last buried in the field of Shechem, in the ground which Jacob had long before purchased of the sons of Hamor. In the whole annals of time there is no funeral procession on record that comes near in sublimity and grandeur to his, who, when young, was sold as a slave to the Egyptians. That dead march through the God-dried ocean and over the desert, led by Moses (whose grave the angels dug), the man who met his maker face to face, and spoke to him as a man does to his friend, was a mourner at that great funeral, which eclipses all romance: the eye of imagination closes before its awful splendour. The dead and the living pass away amid the roar of the ocean, the thunder of the Mount, and the clashing of battle upon battle; and while we read we feel as if in the presence of Him 'who doeth great things which we cannot comprehend.'"

What need we say more of this book? Those who would know what rural life is, and those who can relish artistic description naturally yet beautifully composed, will thank us for bringing this pleasant volume to their notice.

### RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS.

#### BELL AND THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

The present paper refers to facts belonging to the present century, within the cognisance of the existing generation; when, in the greater progress and experience of society, we might naturally look for tolerance, if not for assent. But the result of our investigation is by no means encouraging; the unwilling tardiness with which the world receives a new principle becomes painfully apparent. We find the motive which actuated the resistance to Harvey's doctrine in the days of the first Charles still vigorous in the reign of Victoria. Whatever progress the world may have made in wisdom, it has not yet become exemplary in candor, or the virtue which shrinks from wrong:

'The man who shows his heart  
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorned.'

In no instance has error proved more perverse or detrimental than in relation to the nervous system—that which gives man his finish and stamps him as lord of the animal kingdom. It was very early discovered that the brain and *thought* were in some way connected. Herophilus, who lived in Egypt during the reign of the first Ptolemy, was the original discoverer of the connection between the nerves and the brain, and taught that the former were subject to the will. Dissections of the brain were made three thousand years ago by Democritus, Anaxagoras and others; but as the learned men of that day knew nothing of inductive philosophy, they arrived only at barren conclusions. Erasistratus believed the brain to be the source of the nerves of sensation, and its membranes of those of motion. Hippocrates confounds nerves, sinews and ligaments all under the specific term *neura*, some of which, he says, contract the limbs. According to Aristotle, the heart is the origin of the nerves; and yet, in another place, he calls them the 'canals of the brain.' Galen, who appears to have been the most accurate observer among ancient physicians, showed that every muscle was a bundle of nerves and sinews; and tracing them to the viscera, placed the seat of love in the liver, while the heart was the habitation of the angry and courageous emotions. During the reign of the emperor Trajan, Rufus, a physician, classed the nerves under two divisions—sensitive and motive—but made no distinction between nerves and muscles. Vesalius supposed the 'vital spirits, to be generated in the brain, from whence, by means of the spinal marrow, they ran to all the nerves of the body. But there was nothing clear or definite in the whole accumulated mass of observations. Some described the nervous fluid as an invisible medium, flowing backwards and forwards through minute tubes; others maintained its resemblance to the purer part of white of egg; according to a third party, it was an acid: and to come down nearer to our own times, it was insisted, and even Newton approved the theory, that the mysterious agent was *ether*.

The immediate successors of the theorists here quoted did but little towards reducing the complex doctrine to anything like order. Haller so justly celebrated for his important contributions to physiological science, bewildered himself among vague hypotheses, which led him to the conclusion that the nerves of motion were also those of sensation. Scarpa and Willis made drawings of the nervous system as distributed through the human body. According to the latter, the brain was the sole laboratory of the subtle spirit transmitted by the nerves. Johnstone, an English physician, asserted that 'ganglions,' [small knots of nervous substance,] were for the purpose of cutting off nervous sensation. Monro maintained the contrary of this assertion. Soemmering taught that several small nerves performed only the office of one larger; and, in support of his opinion, contended that the three nerves going to the tongue were to be regarded but as one of greater size.

It is thus apparent that our acquaintance with the nervous system dates from a very early period; but we look in vain for arrangement or order. Many had treated on the subject in their writings with more or less inconclusiveness and absurdity; not a few arrogantly declared the arrangement could be no other than as laid down by themselves. Galen justly rebuked these bold speculators who claimed omniscience for human reason. 'My own work,' he tells us, 'I regard as a religious hymn in honor of the Creator.' At the beginning of the present century, the greatest indifference prevailed with regard to the study of the nerves; the hypotheses of the ancients, as we have shown, were supposed to have exhausted a question which was left unchallenged and neglected. Nothing had been done to combine the information then extant, and reduce it to a



system. Many rejected the nervous system altogether in their investigations, as an irregular branch of physiological heterodoxy; and rested content in the belief of tubular nerves, filled with a vital fluid, and diverging from the brain as a common sensorium.

Such was the state of scientific knowledge of this interesting subject, when in the year 1821, Mr., afterwards Sir Charles Bell, commenced the publication of a series of highly important and valuable papers, in which he took an entirely new view of the nerves of the human body, and demonstrated that, amid all their apparent intricacy and confusion, law and order were to be discovered. He instituted comparisons with the lower order of animals; the simplest in form though devoid of visible nerves, were, however acted upon by some nervous matter; those of the next class above possessed a ganglion with a single nerve, growing more and more complex as the higher degrees of the scale were reached. Some of the insect tribe were found to undergo a remarkable change; with the development of wings they acquire an entirely new nervous system. By dint of persevering application the high minded anatomist succeeded, to use his own words, in showing the nervous system 'as plainly set forth as if it were written in our mother tongue. . . . I had recourse to their origins to find out their uses: I first took a view of the spinal nerves in all their course, and observed their exact resemblance to each other in every particular. I then, by experiment, proved that their roots had different powers, and that they really were what their anatomy had indicated to me—double nerves."

Simple as it may appear, in thus determining the different powers of the roots of the nerves, consists the whole point and value of the discovery. The old opinion, that a fluid travelled backwards and forwards along the same nerve, was at once superseded, as well as that which made the impression transmitted dependent on the structure of the nerve. A difference of function as well as of structure, was shown to exist between the cerebrum and the cerebellum, or the greater and lesser brain; the continuation of the former constituting the anterior portion of the spinal marrow, and the combination of the latter the posterior portion. The spinal nerves, thirty on each side, regular in their origin and distribution, were seen to be provided with two roots, arising one from each division of the spinal marrow. It will thus be clear that the root departing from the anterior portion, would convey impressions from the cerebrum, and those on the posterior portion from the cerebellum. The former as is now generally known, contains the organs of perception, volition and memory: the latter those of motion. And it was ascertained that one set of the roots might be divided with the knife, without producing any effect upon the muscles; but that on touching the other set in the slightest degree with a sharp point, the muscles were immediately convulsed. It was further proved that the nerves met with in different parts of the body are not single threads, but bundles of nerves; all possessing different powers, united merely for convenience of distribution, each carrying on its own functions undisturbed by the others with which it is so intimately bound up in a common sheath.

The origin of the respiratory nerves, traced to a lateral division of the spinal marrow, was shown to render them independent of the will—a wise and wonderful arrangement, without which neither man nor animals would be able to breathe during sleep, and which makes it possible for breathing to go on as frequently happens, when consciousness is destroyed by accident or injury. The combinations between different sets of nerves were also clearly demonstrated, explaining the harmony of motion maintained over the whole body: any interruption between these combinations produces distortion and unequal movement, as shown by the application of galvanism to the body after death. And in addition to the attributes of sensation and motion, common to all animals, the nerves of the human subject were shown to possess still higher endowments; they assist in language, in the interchange of thought and sentiment; they regulate the play of features, and make expression and emotion eloquent.

Thus by the persevering labors of one individual, the mystery of ages was cleared up, and a key furnished to the bewildering maze in which so many had been baffled, and compelled to abandon their task in despair. Brief and imperfect as the above outline of the inestimable discovery may necessarily be, it will yet suffice as an illustration of the energy of truth. This is a case which clearly demonstrates the high value of the Baconian philosophy; in which analogy and induction, patiently and cautiously followed up, led to clear and irresistible results. The subject had occupied the mind of Sir Charles Bell for nearly forty years, when, in 1840 he laid his last paper before the Royal Society. The earliest glimpse of the views, afterwards so fully established, is to be found in a small work, 'The Anatomy of Expression in Painting,' published by him in 1806, where he remarks, 'If we had but a perfect knowledge of the functions of the nerves, they would on all occasions inform us of the cause of those actions which now appear to us so inexplicable.' From this point he went on with unremitting labor and diligence until the phenomena of the nervous system were fully discussed and explained. But no sooner were his papers published than attempts were made, both in this country and on the continent, to deprive him of the honor and reputation which, as their author, he so highly merited. In the calm and temperate language of an investigator of truth, he observes:—'From the indifference so long evinced to such investigations before these communications to the Royal Society, I conceive that I should have been permitted in a slow, temperate and scientific manner to have stated the whole of my observations to that learned body.' His expectation, however was not realized; opponents arose, arrogant and clamorous in their assertions, claiming discoveries and anticipating conclusions, while yet ignorant of the entire subject. The former confusion was still more difficult and obscure; functions were attributed to the nerves which they never possessed; the fifth nerve, on which Sir Charles had bestowed particular attention, was said to be 'the nerve of all the senses.' One critic observed that his views were identical with those of Galen; and yet, as we have seen, Galen believed each nerve endowed with the two properties of sensation and motion. The fatal consequence of dividing the sensitive nerves in some painful complaints, demonstrated by the eminent discoverer, were treated with ridicule, and some of his enemies, by way of refuting his system, continued to divide the nerves in all cases of facial disorder that came before them. Magendie, an eminent French physiologist, claimed priority of discovery, and found many partisans in England. He visited London, and in one of the anatomical theatres in the metropolis, made some showy experiments, by which he endeavored to establish his claim and controvert the British anatomist's conclusions. We have seen how Harvey's practice was injured by his discovery, and how he was derided by many of the learned of his time. As regards practice, Sir Charles Bell had the same story to tell: he has left it on record that, after every step in his discovery, he was obliged to work harder than ever to preserve his reputation as a practitioner.

A comparison of the past with the present enables us to judge of the actual progress made by society: notwithstanding the reluctance generally felt by the world to confess it may have been in error, a gratifying characteristic of the present day, is a certain disposition at times to look at a new fact or theory for a

space, before overwhelming it with scorn, and its promoters with obloquy. In spite of the opposition offered to Sir Charles Bell's views, they eventually met with the approval of candid minds. Sir Astley Cooper was one of the first to acknowledge their value and importance; the celebrated Cuvier when on his death bed, finding his face distorted and drawn to one side, pointed it out to his attendants as a proof of the discoverer's correctness.

Sir Charles Bell frankly admitted the weak points in his system, but, confident in his principles, observed that time would reconcile the discrepancies. 'Facts,' he said, 'have been denied with a heat and pertinacity which I can never understand.' And in the preface to his 'Nervous System,' published in 1830, he writes with the truth and dignity of a philosopher: 'Whatever may be thought of the reasoning pursued in this volume, the facts admit of no contradiction; perhaps, hereafter, curiosity may be excited to know in what manner they were first received. The gratification in the inquiry has been very great; the reception by the profession has been the reverse of what I expected. The early announcement of my occupations failed to draw one encouraging sentence from medical men. When the publication of these papers by the Royal Society made it impossible to overlook them altogether, the interest they excited drew countenance on those who opposed them, or who pretended to have anticipated them. To myself this has ceased to be of any consequence; but I confess I regret to leave those young men who have honorably and zealously assisted me in these enquiries, in the delusive hope of laboring to the gratification of their own profession. The pleasure arising from the pursuit of natural knowledge and the society of men of science, must be their sufficient reward.'

Sir Charles Bell was the son of a Scottish clergyman, and born at Edinburgh in 1778. He was not 'overlooked.' In addition to the esteem of those whose character made their esteem valuable, he received the honor of knighthood from William IV.—a knighthood rendered more illustrious by the scientific names in whose company he received the honor—those of Herschel, Ivory, and Brewster. He likewise obtained the highest reward at the disposal of the Royal Society, of which body he was a Fellow—a royal medal. He is also well known as author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises on the Hand, which does equal credit to his science and his principles. He died in Worcestershire in 1845, 'distinguished in private life by sauvity and simplicity of manners, elegant tastes, and domestic virtues.'

## EIGHT MONTHS ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

"Para, or Eight Months on the Banks of the Amazon" is the title of a voluminous manuscript which has been left with us for "trial and sentence." Brazil, as our readers are aware, is "by nature" one of the most magnificent countries in the world; and of all its provinces, Para, the name alike of the province and its principal city, is the most beautiful: the luxuriant "Amazonia" is all included in its boundaries; and it is indeed what is termed the "Paradise of Brazil." It has been little explored, and little is even now known of the numerous Indian tribes dwelling in the interior. The scenery of the Para river, on which the town is situated, is unsurpassed for richness and variety; its climate is delightful; its birds are numerous, and of the most gorgeous plumage; it has an extensive variety of quadrupeds, from the spotted jaguar to the little Marmoset monkey; and its insects glitter continually in the pure atmosphere, dazzling the eye as with the light of gems. Every description of natural history, in fine, teems with splendid "specimens." The manuscript before us is a series of fresh personal adventures and reminiscences, to which we proceed to invite the attention of our readers. The writer, it may be proper to add, while in Brazil, prosecuted vigorously his favorite study of ornithology, with actual "illustrations;" inasmuch that he has now in his possession one of the most extensive and beautiful private ornithological collections in the United States; all the specimens of which were killed in the native haunts by the writer and his companion, who were undismayed by obstacles not a few of which were sufficiently serious to have intimidated older adventurers. But let us not keep the reader from the manuscript itself; but permit him to turn over the leaves with us, taking here and there such passages as may strike our fancy or enlist our attention. Here is an interesting account of the *Toucan*, a species of bird quite abundant in Juncal of which the "white throated" and the "yellow throated" are the finest specimens; the first being black with a beautifully blended red and yellow bill, the second somewhat smaller, with green reflections and a less formidable beak. "These birds," says the writer, "live principally on fruits, but when in a state of captivity learn to eat almost everything. Their favorite food is the Assuhy berry, and their method of eating it is very remarkable. They first seize the fruit in the extremity of their bill, and by a sudden twitch throw it several feet into the air; as it drops they catch it and swallow it entire, without the slightest effort at mastication. They confine themselves mostly to lofty trees, where they sit with their beaks pointed directly towards the wind, thus overcoming a power which if exerted on the broadside might considerably disturb their comfort and equanimity. Their flight is straight forward from one place to another, and it is seldom that they make a curve while on the wing. Their eyes are so constructed that they cannot see distinctly ahead, but their vision on the side is wonderfully acute. The hunter must be acquainted with this circumstance, or he will find it almost impossible to get a shot at them. They build their nests in the hollow of old trees and make a small circular aperture directly in front. The female lays but two eggs, on which she sits, and with her formidable beak protruding from the port hole of her fortress, she is able effectually to protect herself and repel all monkeys, serpents, or other animals or reptiles, who may be disposed to invade her sacred premises."

The writer's companion on his way back to Juncal, was something more than annoyed by the "monkey shins" of certain mischievous little rascals, the only specimens of which that one encounters in this country are "held in slavery" by vagrant Italians, whose hurdy gurdys occasionally resound in the public thoroughfares: "We met," says the manuscript, "with but one adventure by the way which deserves mention. Passing through a part of the stream that was darkly shrouded by a thick forest on one side, we heard distinctly the chattering of monkeys among the trees. 'Well,' said Mr H—, 'I believe I'll go ashore and give those fellows a shot. You had better remain in the boat until I return.' I therefore landed him, and he walked noiselessly into the woods. In a few minutes the sharp report of his gun rang through the glades, immediately succeeded by another as loud and shrill. In a moment the woods reverberated with the horrible cries of the monkeys, who had evidently lost some of their number. Never did I listen to such an unearthly noise; but amid the uproar I heard Mr. H— calling me at the top of his voice to come to his rescue. I hastily left the boat, and rushed instantaneously to the assistance of my companion. He was entirely surrounded by monkeys, and hundreds of others were coming down from the trees, while he was knocking those about him aside with the butt end of his gun. I fired both my barrels into the thickest of them, and probably wounded so many that they concluded that it was not best farther to prosecute their at-



tack; for they quickly dispersed and fled in every direction. We picked up three or four of the dead and carried them along with us. Mr. H— assured me that if he had been alone he would have been most seriously bitten, if not killed." Our narrator mentions another friend, who, while in his canoe in the stream, shot a bird which fell into the water. His dog who was with him in the boat, jumped out to get it. In a moment the wide jaws of an alligator twenty feet long appeared above the surface, which seized both dog and bird, and they sunk to rise no more.

As the writer was about leaving Juneau, he beheld an example of what Scott terms "logging in by ear and horn." "We passed the day on board the schooner, to see them take in cattle. I had come down thus early in order to witness this operation. A pen is made on the margin of a precipitous bank, into which the cattle are driven. A lasso is first thrown around the head of one of the oxen, who is forced over the bank into the water. A strong noose is then cast from the boat round his horns, and he is raised up by means of a pulley and put in the hold, where he is fastened. All are individually taken on board in this manner. They look exceedingly comical while suspended by their horns, their eyes dilated, and every muscle stretched to its utmost capacity. Although I pitied the poor animals, I could not refrain from laughing at the ridiculous appearance they made while thus hanging in the air like a bale of goods." While at Caripe, the name of an estate belonging to Alexander Campbell, Esq., a gentleman greatly esteemed for his kindness and liberality to Americans, our traveller records the following occurrence: "We became acquainted while in the city, with an Englishman by the name of Graham, who had left his native country in quest of health, with his wife and only child. He had devoted most of his time to the study of natural history, and had succeeded in acquiring by industry and perseverance a very valuable collection of specimens. His younger brother had just arrived from Europe to accompany him home. Desirous of showing him the beauties of the country, he suggested a trip to Caripe, whither, in company with a faithful black, who had been his constant companion, they all went. Wishing one day to cross over to the island of Marajo, distant about twelve miles, he went out in a little *montaria*, with his wife and child, to gain a larger one which was waiting for him in the river, about half a mile from the shore. Through some carelessness or mismanagement the boat was upset and all plunged into the water. Every exertion was made by those in the larger vessel to save them, but without avail; husband, wife and child were drowned. This most tragic scene was witnessed by young Graham from the beach; but alas! he could render no assistance. What tumultuous throes of anguish must have wrung that orphan brother's heart, on beholding those most dear to him on earth swallowed up in a moment by the relentless wave; leaving him alone, in a land of strangers! Mr. Graham himself was an active swimmer, but he lost his life in endeavoring to save that of his wife. Their bodies, tightly locked together in the cold embrace of death, floated ashore. 'They loved in life, and in death they were not divided.' A rude grave was dug in the sand, and the sad remains of worth and beauty consigned to its bosom. Here, amid the solitude of a beautiful nature, and on the banks of the king of rivers, they sweetly repose. No tear of friendship bedews the spot, but the rising tide of the mighty Amazon daily weeps over it. Martyrs to the science they so successfully prosecuted, they are calmly sleeping at Caripe:

'There breathes the odour of summer flowers,  
And the music of birds is there.'

The reader having now been favorably introduced to our correspondent, we shall permit him to gossip with them "a discretion." He mentions this amusing occurrence at Para: "At all the important parts of the city, such as the palace, custom house, etc., guards are stationed, whose business it is to be vigilant during the day, and to hail all persons who pass by after eight o'clock at night. One evening a drunken English sailor was staggering past the custom-house, when he was hailed by the guard, '*Quem par la?*' ('Who goes there?') The customary reply to this interrogatory, is '*Amigo*;' ('A friend.'). Our hero, not understanding the language, nor what business any one had to address him in such an authoritative manner, in a stentorian voice cried out, 'You—screaming Portuguese son of a gun, stop your noise, or I'll send you to h—ll!' The guard, thinking of course that he could not understand the language, and that he was merely telling him so in English, let him pass in. One cannot forbear noticing the extreme politeness of the Portuguese in the streets. It is the custom universally for a Brazilian gentleman on meeting a stranger, to take off his hat, and bowing, to salute him with the popular expression, '*Viva Senhor*;' ('Long life, sir.'). We were astonished at observing the respect that was paid us on our first arrival; by the men who spoke and the maidens who sweetly smiled.' . . . Some idea of the success with which our adventurers prosecuted their researches, may be gathered from the subjoined catalogue of a portion of their collection: "Our live stock was quite numerous; consisting of monkeys, an ant-bear, an armadillo, two roseate spoonbills, and as many egrets, to gether with several loquacious parrots. These animals afforded us an infinite deal of amusement. The birds became so attached to us that they would come at our call, and take their food from our hands. The parrots shortly learned to repeat two or three English phrases, which they seemed to delight in repeating continually, even to the exclusion of their mother tongue. We had also among our feathered collection a single macaw: this bird was about two feet in length and beautifully marked with blue and red. He was very affectionate in his disposition, and appeared to understand all we said to him. Whenever dinner or any other meal was ready, he always, at the ringing of the bell, perched himself upon the back of the chair at the head of the table, and waited patiently for us to serve him." . . . "An Indian brought us a live coral snake, one day, which he had recently caught in the forest. It was more than three feet in length, and regularly banded with alternate rings of black, scarlet, and yellow. Although naturally very poisonous, yet the one in question had been deprived of its fangs, and consequently rendered harmless. For the sake of security we put him in a small wooden box, little thinking that it would be possible for him to get out, and then placed the box in our own apartment. In the night the reptile forced out the bottom of his cage and in the course of his perambulations found his way into the cook's room. Being awake, she aroused us by her screams. We rushed to her aid, and on discovering the cause of her fear, attempted to catch the wily serpent, but our efforts were in vain. The reptile escaped, through a crevice in the floor, and we never saw our favourite ('*favourite*!') again."

As this is the season when India-rubbers are called into requisition, the reader may like to know something of the *modus operandi* of their manufacture. "The stranger in Para cannot fail to notice, the singular manner in which India-rubber shoes are transported from place to place. He will see slaves bearing long poles thickly strung with them, marching along and keeping time to a slow discordant chant. These shoes are mostly manufactured in the interior and brought down the river by the Indians. The tree (*Saphilla Elastica*) is

exceedingly peculiar in appearance. It has large thick leaves, and reaches the height of eighty and sometimes an hundred feet. The trees are tapped in the same manner as the New Englanders tap maple trees, from which a thick liquid resembling cream flows out. This is collected in earthen jars, where it is kept until desired for use. The operation of making the shoes consists in first igniting the fruit of a species of palm, which yields a thick dark smoke. They then take a wooden last, with a handle, and having poured the liquid over it, a coating of which remains, they hold it over the ignited fruit; the action of the smoke upon the gum causes it in time to assume a black color. After the requisite number of coats have been given in this manner, the shoes are exposed to the sun to harden. India-rubber constitutes one of the principal exports of Para. More than two hundred and fifty thousand shoes are annually exported from this province; in fact, almost all the India-rubber consumed in the United States comes from this source." Our correspondent gives an amusing description of the freaks of the electric eel. He is writing from ship board: "One day, wishing to change the water in which our eels were kept we upset the tub on the deck, and thus threw them out. Having replenished the vessel with fresh water, we requested one of the sailors to put them in. He proceeded to do so; but no sooner had he touched it with his hand than he received a shock which caused him to drop it in a moment. He attempted it again, but with no better success than before. Great was the amazement of his fellows, who all tried in turn to put the mysterious fish into the tub; but none succeeded. It was amusing to see their looks of wonder at the strange sensations which they had severally experienced. The mate looked on in silence and surprise; and being himself wholly unacquainted with the properties of the reptiles, he supposed the sailors dropped them more on account of their slipperiness than any other cause. On the strength of this opinion, he walked up boldly to the largest one, and in order to retain his grasp, seized him with great force; but the eel, little relishing such an assault, gave him so severe a shock that he dropped him like a hot potato, nor could he be prevailed on to make a second trial. At length the captain procured a shovel and put them both in without any further difficulty. The next day I observed one of the monkeys drinking out of the tub; but having accidentally put his head down too far, his nose came in contact with one of the eels by which he received a shock that made him beat a precipitous retreat. As soon, however, as he had somewhat recovered from its effects, he returned with vehement wrath depicted in his interesting countenance. Having mounted himself upon the side of the tub, he brought the eel a severe thrack on the head with his paw. He immediately received another shock, but being no philosopher, he struck the animal again and again, until finally he came to the conclusion that it was altogether too shocking an affair to prosecute further; whereupon he retired, garrulously giving vent to his intense disgust." We take reluctant leave of our young and talented correspondent's narrative; only until our next number, however, unless some enterprising publisher shall in the mean time solicit the work at our hands, for present publication. It well deserves that honour, as we shall still farther establish hereafter.—*Knickerbocker*.

#### MR. LAYARD'S EXCAVATIONS AT MOSUL.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 10.

The intelligence received here, by every post, from Mosul, continues to excite our curiosity with respect to the excavations in that neighbourhood. After the splendid discoveries of M. Botta, and the facilities afforded to that gentleman both by his own Government and the Porte, it was scarcely to have been expected that anything of extraordinary interest would have been left unexplored. But the subsequent labours of our countryman, Mr. Layard, have satisfactorily proved that the sculptures of Khorsabad form but a sample of the treasures of antiquity which still lie buried—and almost miraculously preserved for centuries—under the various mounds scattered about Mosul. Another mine has been opened by Mr. Layard at Nimroud; and every stroke of the pick-axe brings new wonders to light. Really, this resurrection of old Nineveh, after its very existence had become little better than a vague historic dream, is among the most marvellous events of the present day. And when we learn that, in addition to the buildings and sculptures, there have been many thousand inscriptions discovered,—and that in all probability these inscriptions will be ultimately deciphered,—we may conceive the importance of the excavations to historical research. It must occur to everybody, too, how invaluable they may turn out to biblical illustration and the interpretation of the Prophecies. Among these inscriptions, how many may contain records of the chosen people whose annals were so long connected and blent with those of Assyria!

But speculation, however tempting, is premature till I shall have explained all that has actually been done. The results, with the small means which Mr. Layard has had at his disposal, exceed everything that could have been foreseen. He has opened fourteen or fifteen chambers, and uncovered 250 sculptured slabs.—But before giving any particulars, it will be well to describe the site of the ruins. Xenophon says that, after the Greeks had crossed the Zab, and at a short distance from that river, they came upon a ruined city, on the banks of the Tigris, formerly inhabited by the Medes—in which there was a pyramid of considerable size. This city was called Larissa. This description corresponds exactly with the ruins of Nimroud. The pyramid still exists—although now covered with earth. The dimensions given by Xenophon agree with the space now occupied by the ruins; and the distance from the Zab is pretty nearly the same. The Tigris, however,—which evidently at one time flowed under the city walls,—has deserted its ancient bed, and is now about a mile and a half from the ruins. There is a large collection of mounds enclosed within a wall. Mr. Layard is now excavating the principal mound—which is about 1,800 feet by 900. The city called Larissa by Xenophon has been identified with one much more ancient—in fact one of the primitive cities of the post-diluvian world—viz., Resen; on what ground it were hard to say—though probably from the fact that in the Samaritan version of the Pentateuch Resen is called Lachissa. Major Rawlinson and other good authorities reject this identification altogether, and believe Nimroud to represent the real Nineveh—the capital of the first Assyrian empire, which ended with Sardanapalus; and Mr. Layard, I perceive, inclines to the same opinion. Great weight must be attached throughout the East to traditions,—especially when referring to geographical positions. Almost every site of any interest in this part of the world has been determined by reference to them,—and errors have been very rare. Now, all the traditions of that country refer to Nimroud as the primitive city of Assyria and its ancient capital; assigning its foundation to Nimroud and his *Kiayah* Ashevi indifferently. The latter fact is very curious,—as tallying so completely with the biblical statement. To the ruins opposite Mosul, usually called Nineveh, a more recent date is assigned;—all remains in the country ceding in point of antiquity to Nimroud. All this, however, is, of course, no proof that the ruins and sculptures now disinterred appertained to the original



city. They may have done so—or they may have belonged to more recent erections, under more recent dynasties, during the Assyrian, Median, Scythian, Babylonian, or Persian occupations. These are questions which can be determined only after a very careful comparison of the objects discovered there with those of other countries and sites, and an equally careful examination of the inscriptions.

In a recent letter to a friend at this place, Mr. Layard says that he has so much actual manual labour on his hands that he has not time to work seriously at the inscriptions,—although he has got good materials and good data. Major Rawlinson, however, appears to be making progress; and it seems likely that we shall ere long have some satisfactory results. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the French have done nothing in this respect; and M. Botta, it is believed, intends to publish his inscriptions without any comment or attempt at explanation. As you, perhaps, may not fully understand the extent and nature of the cuneiform knowledge which has been arrived at, together with the process of deciphering, I will endeavour to give you the key.

There are three great divisions in the cuneiform writing now admitted,—the Persian, the Median, and the Babylonian. It is probable that there are some variations; but this is the division now accepted by those best informed on the subject. These three kinds occur in inscriptions placed in parallel columns—the one being a literal translation of the other—in various parts of Persia. The first attempt at deciphering was made by Grotefend; who, by a series of happy conjectures—being entirely ignorant of the language in which he justly supposed the inscriptions to be—determined several proper names. Burnouf, Lassen, Rawlinson, and others, worked upon this clue, established the correctness of Grotefend's views, and succeeded in determining the construction of the language; which was found to have the closest affinity with the Indo-Germanic family of languages, particularly the Sanscrit—with which it is nearly identical. Hitherto, it should be borne in mind, only the Persian, or simple, character had been attempted. Major Rawlinson, having succeeded in copying the great inscription of Bisutun, (nearly 1,000 lines in length) which had hitherto been deemed inaccessible, obtained an immense addition to the materials already possessed (which consisted in fact of little more than proper names and titles of monarchs); and has added largely to our knowledge of the language. The Persian now afforded a key to the two other languages—the Median and Babylonian. Unfortunately, the Babylonian column of the great Bisutun inscription is almost completely defaced:—otherwise Rawlinson would have obtained at once what was required. There existed one other long trilingual inscription over the tomb of Darius, at Persepolis; usually known as the geographical inscription, from the list which it contains of the various nations tributary to Darius—but placed so high on a perpendicular rock that it can only be copied by the aid of a telescope. The two artists Coste and Flandin—who were sent out with the French embassy expressly to collect inscriptions and make drawings of antiquities—by some unaccountable negligence omitted to take a copy of this very important inscription—by far the most important at Persepolis; although, with the opportunities which they enjoyed, they might easily have done so. The first traveller who succeeded was Westergaard, a Dane; who visited Persepolis not long since, and has just published this inscription. With the help which it affords, and with the assistance derived from some fragments at Bisutun, Major Rawlinson has determined the key to most of the Babylonian letters; and has proved the language to be Semitic of the Chaldean stock. Any one possessing a copy of the Persepolitan inscription may now attempt the deciphering of the Babylonian inscriptions; but, from Major Rawlinson's great ingenuity, perseverance, and intimate knowledge of the cognate branches of the subject, he will be first in the field. As for Mr. Layard, as I have already said, he has, for the moment, little leisure for the inquiry. It should, moreover, be remembered that, although the character used at Nimroud, Khorsabad, and various other Assyrian ruins, is evidently of the same class as that found in the Babylonian inscriptions, it differs from it in many respects, and will probably require a distinct investigation. Such is the present state of the inquiry into cuneiform writing.

To return to Nimroud—Mr. Layard, according to accounts received some months ago, had discovered an entrance formed by two magnificent winged, human-handed lions. This entrance led him into a hall above 150 feet long and 30 broad—entirely built of slabs of marble, covered with sculptures. The side-walls are ornamented with small bas-reliefs, of the highest interest—battle sieges, lion hunts, &c.; many of them in the finest state of preservation, and all executed with extraordinary spirit. They afford a complete history of the military art amongst the Assyrians; and prove their intimate knowledge of many of those machines of war whose invention is attributed to the Greeks and Romans—such as the battering ram, the tower moving on wheels, the catapult, &c. Nothing can exceed the beauty and elegance of the forms of various arms, swords, daggers, bows, spears, &c. In this great hall there are several entrances—each formed by winged lions or winged bulls. These lead into other chambers; which, again, branch off into a hundred ramifications. Every chamber is built of slabs covered with sculptures or inscriptions: whence some idea may be formed of the number of objects discovered—the far greater part of which, in fact nearly all, are in the best preservation. Mr. Layard's excavations have been hitherto confined to a very small corner of the mound:—it is impossible to say what may come out when they can be carried forward on an adequate scale.

Enough, I trust, has been written to show the value of these discoveries as connected with Art, History, and Biblical Illustration. I will add a word with respect to Mr. Layard himself. It is but due to him to mention that the existence of these remains had been pointed out by him before M. Botta commenced his excavations at Khorsabad. The reason why the French were the first in the field is simply because they have a king and government who are prompt to appreciate and promote any enterprise which can reflect honour on the national reputation for taste and intelligence. After a most liberal allowance to M. Botta for his private expenses—a sum of 50,000 francs remuneration—above 100,000 francs for the expenses of excavating—and a large sum to M. Flandin for remuneration and expenses—the Chambers have just voted 292,000 francs to Botta and Flandin jointly for the publication of their work on Khorsabad. Add to all this the expenses of removal to Paris,—and you will have nearly £30,000! This at least will prove the importance which they attach to these discoveries. It is painful, after witnessing this munificent patronage of science by the French Government, to think that, up to this moment, nothing whatever has been done to assist Mr. Layard in his researches by our own. It is true that Sir Stratford Canning, at his personal risk and expense, has very liberally contributed towards the carrying out of these excavations. It required, moreover, all the influence which he had gained with the Sultan to obtain a firman for the purpose. But in an undertaking of this nature, private munificence can scarcely be expected to keep pace with national; and you can imagine how mortifying it must be to Mr. Layard to find, after a year's indefatigable exertions—crowned too

with such brilliant results—that nothing has been done by the British Government to mark its interest in his labours. For anything he can know to the contrary, his civilized countrymen sympathize with his pursuits just as little as the Turks themselves. Such neglect is discreditable to the English ministry. I cannot suppose that assistance is withheld from motives of economy:—the present administration, I believe, has not the character of being a miserly one.

### DOCTOR BEECHER.

BY A. M. GIDNEY, EDITOR OF THE YARMOUTH HERALD.

Illustrious man! star of the age!

Thy name and glory are enroll'd

On Fame's imperishable page,

In characters of mental gold.

When other names shall be no more,

And in Oblivion's cell be hid,

Thy own shall live forevermore,

A lofty moral pyramid!

Though Franklin's philosophic mind,

Could burning thunderbolts defy;

The lightning's fiery pinions bind,

And proudly draw them from the sky:

Yet thine has seized a mightier power,

Has dragged Intemperance from his den—

A monster, threatening to devour

The hopes and happiness of men!

Columbus—child of enterprise!

O'er unknown billows onward went;

To seek beneath the western skies,

An undiscovered continent:

But Beecher thine a nobler fame—

Thou hast the flag of Truth unfurl'd,

Hast quench'd th' intoxicating flame,

That would have scathed the moral world.

Lo! Howard seeks the dungeon's gloom,

Where guilt and misery complain;

He mitigates the sufferer's doom,

And soothes the fetter'd child of pain:

But thou from Dissipation's fangs,

The slaves of Folly would allure,

Preventing thus the woes and pangs,

That he would charitably cure.

See Wilberforce the banners wave,

Of Freedom over Afric's sons,

Dissolve the fetters of the slave,

And hush his agonising groans:

But be the happier effort thine

To save from moral thralldom—crime,

Lead millions to the hallow'd shrine

Of Temperance in every clime.

History may boast of Wellington,

Who Europe's despot overthrew,

Proclaim the victories he won,

And proudly point to Waterloo;

What though a nation's gratitude,

For him a monument may raise—

Thou hast a mightier foe subdued—

A world reform'd bespeaks thy praise.

Yes, thou hast put a host to flight—

The enemies of human-kind;

A pen thy weapon in the fight,

Thy glorious battle-field, the mind.

No trace of blood—no widow's groan—

No orphan's tear thy triumph's know;

But joy and pleasure's gladdening tone

Thy conquests yield to friend and foe.

Thy book appear'd—its classic lore,

Its truth, its power, its moral light,

Made millions wonder, who before

Had falsely balanced wrong and right.

How rapidly Intemperance flies

Before the magic of thy pen!

Around thee institutions rise,

To bless the universe of men!

### Miscellaneous Articles.

#### THE DISCOVERY OF CANADA.

The first European who ever visited these lands was Jacques Cartier. In the month of May, 1535, the year after his circumnavigation of Newfoundland, he again sailed from St. Malo with three small ships. He and his followers were blessed by the bishop in the cathedral, received the holy sacrament, and bade farewell to their friends, as if for ever. The little squadron was for a long time dispersed, but met again with great joy on the 28th of June. Having visited Newfoundland, they kept to the north, and sailed into a large gulph, full of islands; they passed on the north side of Anticosti, and sometimes landing by the way, came at length to the mouth of the Jaquenary. By means of two Indians, taken in the former voyage, at the Bay of Chaleuss, they conversed with the inhabitants, and overcame their terror. These simple people then received them with songs of joy and dances, giving them freely of all the provisions they had. The adventurers soon gathered that there was a town some days' sail higher up; this, and the river, and the countries round about, the natives called, Hochelaga; thither they bent their way. The kind-hearted Indians tried, by entreaties and innocent stratagems, to detain their dangerous guests. During the voyage up the stream they passed shores of great beauty; the climate was genial, the weather warmer than that of France, and every where they met with unsuspicious friendship. They found Hochelaga a fortified town among rich corn fields, on an island, under the shade of a mountain which they called Mont Royal; time has changed it to Montreal. The old name, like the old people, is long since forgotten. The inhabitants had stores of corn and fish laid up with great care, also tobacco, which Europeans saw here for the



first time. The natives were courteous and friendly in their manners, some of them of noble beauty; they bowed to a Great Spirit, and knew of a future state. Their king wore a crown, which he transferred to Jacques Cartier; but, when they brought their sick and infirm, trusting to his supernatural power to heal, the Christian soldier blessed them with the cross, and prayed that heaven might give them health. The adventurers returned to France next year, carrying off one of the kings with them, to the great grief of his subjects; he became contented with his lot, but soon after died. This was the first wrong the doomed race suffered from the white men. Four years afterwards, the Sieur de Roberval, graced with many high-sounding titles, and aided by Jacques Cartier, landed at the mouth of the St. Charles River. The inhabitants, mindful of former injury, met the strangers with war instead of peace. Four miles from Quebec is the village of Charlesbourg; there, three hundred years ago, the French built their first stronghold, to guard themselves from just vengeance. Their leader, tortured by the dissensions of his followers, soon led them back to France, and in 1549 he, with his brave brother, sailed to seek the visionary Cathay, and were heard of no more. At the end of the sixteenth century, when the gloom of this failure had passed away, Chauvin and Pontgrave opened a fur trade at Tadousac, without much success. Next followed the piratical De Monts, with a fleet of forty sail, terrible alike to the white and native races; his monstrous crimes caused his ruin. His successor, the worthy Champlain, founded the city of Quebec, in 1608, and cultivated the rich valley of the St. Charles. With some of his followers he penetrated to the great lakes of the west, and returned in safety from among their fierce and savage nations. To this vast territory he gave the name of Canada, or New France.—*Hochelaga.*

#### A FOX HARE HUNTING.

Just after it was daylight, I saw a large fox come very quietly along the edge of the plantation in which I was concealed, he looked with great care over the turf wall into the field, and seemed to long very much to get hold of some hares that were feeding in it—but apparently knew that he had no chance of catching one by dint of running; after considering a short time, he seemed to have formed his plans, and having examined the different gaps in the wall by which the hares might be supposed to go in and out, he fixed upon the one that seemed the most frequented, and laid himself down close to it, in an attitude like a cat watching a mouse hole. Cunning as he was, he was too intent upon his own hunting to be aware that I was within twenty yards of him with a loaded rifle, and able to watch every movement he made; I was much amazed to see the fellow so completely outwitted, and kept my rifle ready to shoot him if he found me out and attempted to escape. In the mean time I watched all his plans: he first with great silence and care scraped a small hollow in the ground, throwing up the sand as a kind of screen between his hiding place and the hares' meuse—every now and then, however, he stopped to listen, and sometimes to take a most cautious peep into the field; when he had done this, he laid himself down in a convenient posture for springing upon his prey, and remained perfectly motionless, with the exception of an occasional reconnoitre of the feeding hares. When the sun began to rise, they came one by one from the field to the cover of the plantation; three had already come in without passing by his ambush, one of them came within twenty yards of him, but he made no movement beyond crouching more flatly to the ground—presently two came directly towards him; though he did not venture to look up, I saw by an involuntary motion of his ears, that those quick organs had already warned him of their approach; the two hares came through the gap together, and the fox springing with the quickness of lightning caught one and killed her immediately; he then lifted up his booty and was carrying it off like a retriever, when my rifle ball stopped his course by passing through his back bone, and I went up and dispatched him. After seeing this I never wondered again as to how a fox could make prey of animals much quicker than himself, and apparently quite as cunning.—*St. John's Wild Sports of the Highlands.*

A northern correspondent sends us the following, which was suggested by the "Number twelve, pegged heel" anecdote in our last gossipry:—"An amazing pair of feet appeared in the bar-room of an ambitious village-inn, late one evening, the owner of which inquired anxiously for the boot-black. The bell rang nervously, and in a moment a keen Yankee illustrator of 'Day and Martin's best' popped into the room. 'Bring me a jack!' exclaimed the man of great 'under-standing.' The waiter involuntarily started forward, but chancing to catch a glimpse of the boots, he stopped short, and after another and a closer examination said, with equal twang and emphasis: 'I say yeou, you aint a-goin' to leave this world in a hurry; you've got too good a hold onto the ground. Want a boot-jack, eh? Why, bless your soul, there aint a boot-jack on airth big enuff for them boots! I don't b'lieve that a jack-ass could get 'em off.' 'My stars! man!' cried our friend of the big feet, 'what'll I do? I can't get my boots off without a jack!' 'I tell you what I should do,' replied 'Boots,' 'if they was mine; I should walk back to the fork of the road, and pull 'em off there! That would fetch them, I guess!'"—*Knickerbocker.*

*A Shower of Bank Notes!*—We have frequently seen extraordinary showers, such as showers of butterflies, frogs, fishes, and such "small deer," chronicled in the newspapers; but really the most wonderful of all is that which took place in Paris on Monday last, between five and six in the evening, at which time the passengers in the Place Vendôme were astonished by a shower of 1,000 franc and 500 franc bank-notes, which fell on the bonnets of the ladies, and under the feet of the horses. It turned out that a capricious puff of wind had suddenly whisked this windfall from off the desk, and through the window of an hotel in the Place. The notes were all safely picked up, the most part by the public, and at once returned to the owner. The notes picked up in the street amounted to 123,000 francs. Two notes, one of 500 francs the other 1,000 francs, completing the 125,000 francs (£9,000) in the bundle had been borne by the wind to the roofs of the neighbouring houses, but were recovered by two honest chimney sweepers, who happened to be in the Place.—*Paris paper.*

"There goes the old Dutchman who had the dangerous geese!" exclaimed a friend in the country the other day, calling our attention to a Dutchman of the oldest "school," who was walking slowly along the road. We asked an explanation. Why, when the Yankees first began to settle in here, he was joined one morning by a slab-sided specimen of 'em, as he was picking up the quills that his geese had dropped, in their chattering morning waddles, by the edges of an oblong pond at the roadside. Presently one of the geese stretched out his long neck at the Yankee, who started and ran as if a mad dog were at his heels. "I doid him," said the old Dutchman, "not to be avraid; dat de geese wouldn't hurt um any; but de geese did run after him dough, clear over de hill a ways; and none of 'em would't give um no rest any more, whenever he come along the sdreet. I p'lieve dey had a sbbite ag'in de Yankees. Mein Gott! it's curious, dough, but de geese always went away, and didn't come

back any more!" The secret of that was, that the Yankee, who was so afraid of the Dutchman's geese, had thrown out kernels of corn, among which was one with a fish-hook attached. Once swallowed, the angry goose was soon in tow after the flying fugitive.—*Knickerbocker.*

*The Gun Cotton: adopted!*—Professor Schönbein's gun cotton has, we understand, been submitted to a board of engineer and artillery officers, who, after a series of experiments and trials of its powers with muskets and rifles, have reported most favorably of its value and utility as respects small arms, and recommended that further experiments should be made upon a larger scale with the view of testing its applicability to heavy ordnance.

*Anecdote of Schönbein's Gun Cotton.*—When Mr. Schönbein attended at Osborne House to exhibit the qualities of his gun-cotton to Prince Albert, he offered to explode a portion on the hand of Colonel B——; but the gallant colonel recoiled from the experiment, and would have nothing to do with the novel power. Prince Albert himself, however, submitted to the test; and off went the cotton, without smoke, stain, or burning of the skin. Thus encouraged, the colonel took his turn; but whether the material was changed or not for the coarser preparation, it gave him such a singeing that he leaped up with a cry of pain. A hearty laugh was all the commiseration he received. After this, Mr. Schönbein loaded a fowling piece with cotton in the place of powder, and the prince fired both ball and shot from it with the usual effect and perfect impunity.—*Literary Gazette.*

*A Curious Clock.*—A Parisian watchmaker has completed the construction of a clock of a singular nature. It has eleven dials, the principal dial shows the hours alone; a transparent one immediately below the former shows the progression and retrogradation of the sun; two others, also transparent, and through which the mechanism of this immense machine can be seen, mark, the one the days of the month, the other the seconds. Eight square enamelled dials are arranged round the two sides of the pendulum, and show the hour in each of the following places:—London, Algiers, Alexandria, St. Helena, Tahiti, Canton, New York, and St. Petersburg. Each of these dials is marked with twenty four hours, instead of twelve, so as to show the hours of the day and those of the night. Lastly, the pendulum carries a large metrical scale, indicating the degree of expansion and contraction of metal. This clock cost 14,000 francs or about £600.

*None so Blind as those who won't See.*—A curious cause has just come before the Juge de Paix of Neuilly. Some time ago, Madame Pluyette, a widow lady of 50, but who still attaches much importance to personal appearance, had the misfortune, in playing with a lapdog, to receive from it so severe a wound in one of her eyes, that it came out of the socket. Having heard much of artificial eyes, and being recommended to apply to an expert manufacturer in this way, named Tamisier, she gave an order for a glass eye, for which M. Tamisier charged her 100f. Refusing to pay this charge, the manufacturer summoned her before the Juge de Paix. Madame Pluyette having appeared, holding the glass eye in her hand, the Juge de Paix asked her why she refused to pay the bill which M. Tamisier had sent in?

"For a very good reason," replied the defendant; "I can see no more with it than I could before."

"What!" exclaimed the Juge de Paix, "did you really imagine that you would be able to see with a glass eye?"

"Did I think so?" retorted the angry dame—"certainly I did. Will you be so good as to tell me what eyes are for, but to see with? I ordered the eye for use, and until M. Tamisier makes me one with which I can see, I will not pay him a sou. I wear a wig, which is quite as useful as natural hair; I have three false teeth, which answer as well as those which I have lost; and why should I pay for an eye which is of no use?"

The Juge de Paix endeavored to convince Madame Pluyette that glass eyes were for others to look at, and not for the wearer to look from them; but, finding, all appeals to her reason of no avail, he condemned her to pay the plaintiff the amount of his demand.

When the defendant heard the decision, she became furious with anger, and after dashing her glass eye on the floor, she rushed out of court amid the laughter of the crowd.

*Preservation of Apples.*—We think the following extract from Downing's "Fruit and Fruit Trees of America," furnishes the best answer that can be given to the various inquiries we have received in relation to preserving apples:

In order to secure soundness and preservation it is indispensably necessary that the fruit should be gathered by hand. For winter fruit, the gathering is delayed as long as possible, avoiding severe frosts, and the most successful practice with our extensive orchardists is to place the good fruit directly, in a careful manner, in new, tight flour barrels, as soon as gathered from the tree. These barrels should be gently shaken while filling, and the head closely pressed in, they are then placed in a cool shady exposure under a shed open to the air, or on the north side of a building, protected by a covering of boards over the top, where they remain for a fortnight, or until the cold becomes too severe, when they are transferred to a cool, dry cellar, in which air can be admitted occasionally in brisk weather. A cellar for this purpose should be dug in dry, gravelly, or sandy soil, with, if possible, a slope to the north; or at any rate with openings on the north side for the admission of air, in weather not excessively cold. Here the barrels should be placed on tiers on their sides, and the cellar should be kept as dark as possible.

When apples are exported, each fruit in the barrel should be wrapped in clean coarse paper, and the barrels should be placed in a dry, airy place between decks.

#### FROM MEXICO.

Private advices from the city of Mexico to 29th Sept., state that Santa Anna had left the capital on that morning with 2000 cavalry and 8000 infantry.

He was utterly unsuccessful in raising a loan of two millions on a mortgage of the revenues of the Church, as the lien was considered by capitalists illegal. He then applied for \$200,000, but could merely obtain \$27,000, which was the sum total with which he started.

Santa Anna proceeds to San Luis Potosi, where he will halt, and concentrates the whole of the Mexican forces. Instructions have been forwarded to the General commanding the Army of the North to make no further resistance at Saltillo, but to fall back upon San Luis Potosi.

We extract the following from the *Galveston News* of Friday evening, Oct. 30th;



From Col. Davis we learn that the Mexicans have totally evacuated the whole country this side of San Luis Potosi. The information has been derived from so many sources that there is now no doubt of this fact. They left behind some forty dragoons to destroy fortifications that have been constructed at *Los Muertos*, a naturally strong and difficult pass on the road to Saltillo, and about five or six miles beyond the Rinconada. They have also dismantled Saltillo, destroying whatever might be of use to the army, and which they could not take away. Thus there is now nothing left for Gen. Taylor to conquer, but a barren region of rugged mountains and thirsty plains, affording neither water nor provisions for the subsistence of man or beast, over a distance of two or three hundred miles to San Luis Potosi. If, as has been said, Gen. Taylor has orders to march upon San Luis Potosi, so as to reach that city by the end of Novmber, the question arises *how* he is to traverse such a country as he will have to do by a forced march at the rate of 15 or 20 miles per day? The only water on this route is in the Mexican tanks, which will doubtless be all broken up as the enemy retires. To carry water sufficient to save his army and teams from suffering would probably require more horses, mules and oxen than are now in the army, all of which are required for the transportation of the necessary stores and munitions. In making this retreat, the enemy have doubtless adopted a wise policy, leaving behind them a far more formidable enemy for General Taylor to encounter, (viz: this march), than he could ever find in their own arms and fortified towns.

This policy has doubtless been dictated by the sagacity of Santa Anna. It is stated on good authority that he had sent orders to Ampudia to evacuate Monterey and all other places this side of the mountains, but those orders were not received till after the battle.

After leaving the troops necessary to garrison Monterey, Saltillo and other towns, Gen. Taylor will only have an army of about 5000 men, with which to penetrate into the heart of the enemy's country, and far beyond the reach of any reserve upon which he might fall back for support, in case of necessity. Such we believe is a correct account of the present position and prospects of our army, as derived from good authority. Gen. Ampudia has been superseded in command, but the name of his successor is not remembered.

(From the Washington Union.)

Last evening the War Department received despatches from General Taylor. They were written on the 6th, 11th, 12th, and 13th October. But the detailed official letters on the operations before Monterey did not accompany them—much delay having occurred in making out complete returns from the various subordinate commanders of the army. The despatches which were received last evening, are brief and comparatively unimportant in their character.

In his letter of the 6th of October, General Taylor states that he had mustered out of service the entire force of mounted Texas volunteers. One company of Texas foot volunteers, which has rendered excellent service in the campaign, was then on the march to Camargo, there to be mustered out of service.

The General states that a small force is to be stationed at Laredo on the east bank of the Rio Grande for the purpose of protecting that frontier of country from Indian depredations, and enabling the government of Texas to extend its jurisdiction with more facility to the river. With the advice of Governor Henderson, he has authorized General Lamar, ex-President of Texas, to raise a mounted company of eighty men for this service, for twelve months. As a very small force is now in service from the State of Texas, he trusts that this step will be approved by the department.

The 2d Infantry, with some of the artillery companies left in the rear, and an additional volunteer force, has been ordered forward to Monterey, together with a heavy battery train.

No credible intelligence has been received from the interior at the date of this letter. General Ampudia, at the last advices, was at Saltillo, probably with the whole or greater part of his army. [But subsequent accounts, in private letters, report that Ampudia has retreated from Saltillo, and would make San Luis de Potosi his rallying point. He was expected to make a stand there, and perhaps to be joined by Santa Anna, in case General Taylor should extend his advances in that direction.]

The General states, that he had been unable as yet to prepare his detailed official report of the operations before Monterey—the last report from his subordinate commanders having been at that moment received. Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing, will vary very little from 500—400 of which was sustained at the attack on the lower part of the city on the 21st.

Lieut. Dilworth, 1st infantry, had died of the wounds received on the 27th ult.

In his letter of the 13th October, Gen. T. encloses a statement of a recent atrocious murder, which had been perpetrated on the 5th, in the streets of Monterey, upon a Mexican lancer, by one Fitzsimons.—Capt. Hays, of the Texan Rangers was present, soon after the scene, and had no doubt of the guilt of the man. He is now in confinement. Some difficulty had occurred as to the proper disposition of the accused, as there seems to be no American tribunal competent to meet the case. The Mexican governor had complained of the act, and desired that the man might be brought to merited punishment. The general replied that the case should be submitted to his government before any action would be taken there.

In his last letter General Taylor deeply regrets the necessity of reporting the death of the brave Robert H. Graham, 1st Lt. of 4th infantry, who died on the previous night, of the wounds which he had received in the engagement of the 21st September.

### Foreign Summary.

*The Governor-General of Canada.*—It has been stated that Lord Elgin will take his departure for Canada early next month.

The Pope has granted to M. Jackson and Co. the concession of a rail-road from Bologna to Rome and Civita Vecchia. The English capitalists are to have six ninths in the enterprise, Baron Tolonia two-ninths, and the Roman Bank one-ninth. The capital was fixed at 25,000,000 scudi (3,000,000*l.*)

The Right Reverend Thomas Fowler Short, D.D., Bishop of Sodor and Man, has been appointed to the vacant see of St. Asaph.

It is stated that Sir Henry Pottinger, the newly-appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, will set out for the colony without delay.

It is rumoured that Lord Dalhousie will succeed Sir George Arthur as Governor of Bombay.

The celebrated Greek General Kalergi, who so admirably conducted the movement at Athens on the 15th of September 1843, arrived in town on the 10th instant.—*Times.*

The *Clamor Publico* announces that Mr. Richard Cobden, the "celebrated economist," has arrived at Madrid; and claims for him a hearty welcome by the Spanish Liberal party.

*Price of Potatoes this Year and Last.*—The kemp last year in the north Haymarket sold from 1*s.* 9*d.* to 1*s.* 11*d.* a measure; this year they bring 4*s.* 8*d.* to 5*s.*; short tops 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.*, last year they sold for 1*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.*; cups then brought only 1*s.* 7*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.*, this year they are 4*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 8*d.* Hay and straw are cheaper this year than last, but turnips are dearer.

It is stated by a writer at Stutgard, on good authority, "that the Wurtemberg Government has sent well-instructed persons to Hungary and to America to make large purchases of corn; and that three million florins had been voted for that purpose."

*Steam Navigation.*—The French Government intends turning to account three steam-frigates of 450-horse power each, now unemployed, as their services are not momentarily in requisition, by making them run by way of experiment between Havre and New York. The government has no intention whatever, it is said, of establishing a regular service between the two ports, but the experiment will be of some advantage to commence, as from this some more correct idea may be formed than has hitherto been the case of the cost and profit of such an undertaking.—*Patent Journal.*

The *Suffolk Chronicle* mentions an instance of "Sir Robert Peel's unobtrusive benevolence." It was related by Mr. Wilderspin, in a lecture which he delivered at the Ipswich Mechanics institution; and the anecdote is given in the speaker's own words—

"Some of you have heard of Haydon the painter, whose death was rather lamentable; and no doubt, you have heard that Sir Robert Peel, the late Prime Minister of England, sent that man 50*l.* in his distress. It ought to be known, by my moving about the country in this manner—and I never thought of self, for I always had faith that my countrymen would not allow me to die in a union, and that the Almighty would not allow me to ask for the common necessities of life—that I had spent all my money. I was at last reduced to the utmost extremity. I wanted a crust of bread; yet I kept the secret within my own breast. I set out for an obscure village, where I thought I would end my days. A friend called upon me. And when I had not a single shilling in my house—when I had nothing to offer him, for I felt I should degrade my cause by running into debt—when my poor dog was as thin as my children—50*l.* came from the Prime Minister of England, Sir Robert Peel. Thus, you see, there are two men whom he has benefited: one is now in the eternal world, and the other is the humble individual who stands before you."

Bread in the Metropolis has again risen in price during the week. In Glasgow it is as high as in London, and in the provinces prices are rising. It is the same abroad. At Odessa, new wheat obtained from 34*s.* to 33*s.* 8*d.* At Dantzic, prices had risen to 55*s.* to 57*s.* free on board. In the United States there is a considerable advance in all kinds of grain. The *Mark Lane Express* estimates the failure in the potato crop of Western Europe at two-thirds, in the oat and rye crops at one-third; a deficiency that must be supplied by using the better kind of grain. There is even a fear that next year wheat crops may fail from insufficient reserve of seed. Meanwhile, there is a brisk consumption in England, as yet unchecked by rising prices. The supply does not appear to be obtainable in those countries to which we usually look for aid. The Baltic, which has hitherto furnished us with three-fourths of foreign supplies in years of deficiency, is this year yielding none. The Black Sea (and its Italian entrepôts), the United States, and Canada, will probably furnish abundant contributions, but not rapidly enough to check prices for some time. The recent arrival of a cargo of fine wheat from Van Diemen's Land, at Liverpool, reminds us of a source that might have been available, and will become so under the new Corn-law.

The Commissioners of Customs have issued directions to the different ports for returns of all the corn, grain, meal, and flour imported into the United Kingdom during the present year; and also for the amount exported, and to what countries, and whether of home or foreign production.—*Daily News.*

The Pope has adopted a plan of testing the extent to which he can go in innovations with the Italians. He has ordered the clocks to be regulated so as to mark only twelve instead of twenty-four hours. Changes in the calculation of time are the most difficult to effect; and if this attempt do not weaken his popularity, he has gained a splendid victory. The French Directory could not establish ten hours as the diurnal rotation, nor could Napoleon in the height of his power.

It is stated by a writer at Stutgard, on good authority, "that the Wurtemberg Government has sent well-instructed persons to Hungary and to America to make large purchases of corn; and that three million florins had been voted for that purpose."

The accounts of the Great Britain steam-ship given by the *Liverpool Courier* may be considered as final for the present. "All the attempts made to get this fine vessel off the sands at Dundrum Bay having failed, Captain Hosken, on Tuesday, had all her sails set, and drove her higher on the beach, as she was then making two feet of water more per hour than the pumps could keep free. From the latest accounts, it appears that all chance of getting the Great Britain off is nearly at an end. It is supposed she must at least wait for the high tides of the spring. A protecting breast-work is to be constructed round her. We learn that she has been insured in London for about 20,000*l.* An insurance has also, it seems, been effected at Glasgow, but to what extent we do not know. It is, however, believed that the whole insurances fall far short of her cost—that is, above 120,000*l.*; and beyond this, we hear that the underwriters refuse to pay, on the ground that the vessel was lost through gross negligence. The position of the Great Britain, down to Friday last, was then nothing better; and the spring-tides having passed away without the efforts made during their continuance having been attended with success, the destruction to a very great extent of this fine property is almost inevitable. Her condition is described as bad, no less than fourteen feet of water in the hold."

The *Scenaphore de Marseilles* of the 12th instant contains a letter from Rome dated the 8th, mentioning that the Congregation of Cardinals having shown themselves systematically hostile to the measures of reform proposed by Cardinal Gizzi, the pope had replaced that body by a Consulta di Stato, formed of the Under-Secretaries of State, of the Prelates occupying at Rome the highest administrative functions, and several distinguished lay members. A weekly paper, called the *Contemporaneo*, was on the point of appearing under the auspices of Cardinal Gizzi.

*The Revenue.*—Although the revenue accounts for the year and quarter do not exhibit a very large net increase, the aspect of the tables indicates a healthy state of the revenue and a prosperous state of the country.



To begin with the quarter. There is an increase in all the principal branches of revenue except one. The increase on the Customs is 462,000*l.*; on the Excise, 227,000*l.*; Taxes, 8,600*l.*; Property-tax, 148,000*l.* The exception is the decrease on Stamps, 5,800*l.*; but it will be remembered that the corresponding quarter of 1845, which furnishes the comparison, was that which witnessed the highest fervour of railway speculation; so that a much larger decrease might have been anticipated in this sober time, without its being taken to indicate any real falling-off in the substantial revenue. The total decrease in the quarter's account (339,000*l.*) is made up in Miscellaneous and Repayments of Advance, items of no significance. The quarter presents a nett increase of 539,000*l.*

We pass to the accounts for the year. Here also there is an increase on all the principal items except one: the Excise shows an advance of 183,000*l.*; Stamps, 22,000*l.*; Taxes, 10,000*l.*; Property-tax, 205,000*l.*; Post-office, 114,000*l.* The exception, indeed, is more considerable than that on the quarterly account; there is a decrease in the Customs of 500,000*l.* The virtual decrease is even greater; for the account includes about half a million of revenue received for corn-duty. The account for the year, in fact, shows that the revenue is still feeling the effect of Sir Robert Peel's changes in the tariff; but the effect appears to have been more sensible at the early part of the year than it is now; as we see by the large increase on the quarter; so that no wide inference of an adverse kind can be drawn from this exception to the generally productive aspect of the accounts. The table for the year presents a considerable deficiency in some of the minor items; on the whole reducing the nett increase to 88,000*l.*

The surplus of income over the charge on the Consolidated Fund, in the October quarter of 1845, was 4,816,000*l.*; in the present quarter it is 15,762,000*l.*

The committee appointed to select a candidate for the representation of Manchester, at the next election, have at length determined that Mr. Bright, M. P. for Durham be requested to stand.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, on Wednesday, the following memorial for the opening of the ports was unanimously adopted, and despatched to Lord John Russell—

"To the Right Honorable the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury.

"The memorial of the Directors of the Chamber of Commerce and Manufacturers at Manchester sheweth,

"That your memorialists feel deep apprehensions at the prospects which threaten this district. Whilst the prices of raw materials have been advancing, the profits of trade have been diminishing, and important branches of our manufactures are now prosecuted under heavy losses. The depressing policy of our own country up to the last session of Parliament had long tended to fritter away our intercourse with several of our best customers, and the short interval which has elapsed since the change has not yet permitted us to re-assume the connexions which we once enjoyed; the price of food at home almost precludes hope, that our people will have the means of purchasing clothing; stocks of manufactures are accumulating, and there are strong grounds for fearing that before winter shall have passed the demand for labor will be greatly lessened. Your memorialists feel, that any reference by them to your Lordships, respecting the present and expected stock of food on which the laborer has to rely until fresh crops be available, is not necessary; they content themselves with stating, shortly that at the present moment, besides a greater enhancement in the price of meat and bacon in this town, bread has been advanced fully one third, whilst oatmeal is selling at twofold and potatoes at threefold their usual price, and that they look forward with dread to the condition in which the people will inevitably be found in the spring of next year.

"That, deeply grateful for the measures of relief passed in the last session of Parliament, your memorialists hoped to pass through the period of transition, and on the terms which the Legislature decreed, not only without despondency, but with a sustaining confidence. The dispositions of Divine Providence have, however, interposed, and, in the opinion of your memorialists, have thrown upon the Government further awful responsibilities. Extreme scarcity of food is inevitable: if labor fail, that scarcity will become famine. Prayers are directed to be offered up in our churches to have those evils averted; and yet one of our laws enacts, that whatever may be the price of wheat, the smallest duty to be paid upon the import of it shall be 4*s.* per quarter; another law directs that food brought into the country by certain vessels shall not be eaten at all by our people; whilst a third declares that nothing shall be used in our distilleries but that which would serve as food. Your memorialists implore your lordships to take instant steps to remove these conflicting and cruel anomalies, in such manner as the wisdom of your Lordships may suggest. They believe that to mitigate impending calamities, nothing less will be sufficient than to admit to our ports every species of food necessary for daily subsistence free of duty; to permit it to be brought indiscriminately from every country by the vessels of any nation or flag; and to allow in our distilleries and breweries the use of sugar and molasses, without reference to the vessels which have already brought or may hereafter bring them to us. To this extent they humbly pray the immediate interference of your Lordships, believing that such a course will be approved by Parliament and applauded by the nation."

Ireland.—On the whole, the accounts from the districts are less threatening. Although destitution is extending, there has been altogether less turbulence in the popular demonstrations. In some parts, public works have commenced, and employment will henceforward become general.

In the neighbourhood of Sligo, about five hundred labourers were employed on public works last week. Public works have also been commenced in the barony of Corran; and the people were expected to be actively employed in the other baronies during the present week. According to the *Sentinel*, the Resident Engineer at Athlone, Mr. John Long, had received instructions immediately to commence the public works in that district.

At Skibbereen, on the 5th instant, the day on which the General Relief Committee met, an attack was apprehended. From eight hundred to a thousand of the labouring population of Caheragh were seen marching ten abreast, and armed with spades, towards the town. The shops were closed in great consternation, and the military called out; but, luckily, through the exertions of Mr. Michael Gallwey, the Reverend Mr. Fitzpatrick, Dr. Donovan, Mr. Downing, and several influential gentlemen, the people were induced to halt outside. To an inquiry from Mr. Downing, the answer made by the spokesman of the people was—"We have come because we are famishing; because we have no food of any kind. We could suffer death from hunger ourselves; but can we look upon our children and our wives dying of hunger, and we ready and anxious to work for bread, if we can only get as much as will give us one good meal a day? But it is not 8*d.* a day will give our families a meal, and Indian meal 1*s.* 10*d.* a stone." The truth and force of this distressing appeal," says

a local writer, "could not be resisted; but Mr. Downing, Mr. Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Donovan assured them, that it was to the Government they should attribute the price of food; and upon whom the maledictions of the hungry multitude were poured in unmeasured terms. During this conversation, Mr. Gallwey again and again called upon the people to disperse, and at length proceeded to read the Riot Act. But an universal shout was raised, 'We might as well be shot as starved; we have not eaten a morsel for more than twenty-four hours.' Mr. Downing then besought of the people to follow him out as far as the workhouse and he would procure them bread as far as the town could afford it; which after much solicitation they did, and regularly encamped on the rising ground outside the workhouse; where they remained until Mr. Downing returned with 50*s.* worth of biscuit, which he and the Reverend Mr. Webb, assisted by the Messrs. Levis, distributed in the workhouse-yard; and about four o'clock the multitude moved on for their dreary homes, yet sullen, discontented, and unhappy, saying, 'That while a stack of corn remained in the country, they would not allow their children to starve,' and denouncing in the strongest manner the Government. The military was then withdrawn."

In the county of Kerry, voluntary relief meetings have been held. The most notable is that which met at Rathmore on the 5th instant, over which Mr. Daniel Cronin junior presided. Mr. Cronin and his brother each contributed £100, and the Rev. E. Fitzgerald, Roman Catholic priest, £50. In addition to their subscriptions, says the *Tralee Chronicle*, the Messieurs Cronin have fitted up the mill at Shenagh to grind the corn of the district for their tenantry gratis.

A similar meeting was held at Tralee on the 9th. A subscription-list was opened; which exhibited at the close a sum of £200, for a commencement.

The example set by the county of Kerry in organizing associations for affording voluntary relief, has been followed up in Clare. Committees have been formed in Ennis, Dromcliff, and other parts of the county.

The *Clare Journal* mentions, that "Colonel Wyndham has ordered large shipments of meal to be sold out to his tenantry at a reduced price; and not only so, but he has also been pleased to extend his liberality to this town, by allowing the inhabitants of Ennis, as well as all the parish of Dromcliff, to purchase meal at his depot on the same terms."

Lord Blayney has issued a notice to his tenantry, through his agent, offering them facilities for draining their farms. It is announced that "6*d.* an Irish perch will be paid for parallel, and 8*d.* for sub-main drains; one half of the above sum to be a free gift, the remainder to bear interest at the rate of five per cent, the interest to be paid with the November rent, and to continue to be charged until the fall of the lease, if the farm be so held, or if at will, until a new survey and valuation takes place. Thus, a tenant draining to the extent of £4 will have to pay 2*s.* a year as interest for the above period."

A correspondence of a hostile character has taken place between Mr. Shea Lalor and Mr. John O'Connell. Mr. Lalor had taken exception to the wording of a resolution moved by Mr. O'Connell at one of the late Repeal meetings, wherein a letter of resignation addressed to the Association by Mr. Lalor was described as "couched in terms of most unbecoming discourtesy." Mr. John O'Connell justified the expression, but refused to be made personally responsible for discharging a public duty. Ultimately, he wrote to Mr. Lalor—"I shall proceed at once to the nearest police-office, to put the authorities in possession of your intentions." The necessary information was lodged, and the parties appeared before Dr. Kelly, at the Henry Street Police-office, on Monday. Mr. O'Connell having preferred his charge, Mr. Lalor was bound over to keep the peace, himself in the sum of £400, with two sureties for £200 each.

There is nothing of novelty in the accounts from Ireland. The increasing impatience at the official Government delays in applying the acts for the employment of the people is beginning to find a curious mode of expression, of which we give specimens—

"Of two evils we would choose the least; and by all means give us Sir Robert Peel, a statesman of courage and action, a statesman who knows how to take the nation out of its present difficulties. \* \* \* Such tinkering as this was not known in Sir Robert Peel's days; it was reserved for Lord John Russell and his copartners."—*Castlebar Telegraph*.

"I hope you will express through your journal, that Lord John Russell is unfit for the present emergency, and that Sir Robert Peel should be again restored to power."—*Correspondent of the Cork Examiner*.

"It would be a blessing to the nation if Sir Robert Peel were at the helm to guide the vessel of state through the difficulties and dangers that surround us. In making this declaration, we but mirror the opinions of the great majority of the population."—*Limerick Examiner*.

Scotland.—An important ecclesiastical movement has just been effected at Glasgow. The Synods of the United Secession and of the Relief Church have been sitting in that town, and deliberating on the long agitated proposal for an union of the two churches,—old offshoots, the English reader may be told, of the Church of Scotland, and differing from it not in doctrine or form of worship, but solely in discipline. A committee of the Secession Church reported that the two bodies were "substantively one in devotion, worship, and order!" and advised that they should be united. Frequent communications took place, by deputy, between the Synods. At the last sitting of either, on Wednesday, it was announced that the terms of "the basis of union" had been mutually affirmed, and that the two churches were now one. The two Synods, still sitting separately, adjourned, to meet severally in Edinburgh, on the 10th May next; the union to be consummated on the 12th May.

Spain.—According to the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Bulwer has presented to the Spanish Government another protest, strong and decided in tone, on the subject of the Infanta's marriage. The purport is said to be, that the British Government will refuse to recognize the claims of the children of the marriage to the crown of Spain. Mr. Bulwer had been to Aranjuez for a few days, but he returned to Madrid on the 9th.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, repeats a statement which has been going the round of the French press relative to certain conversations at Eu: the able periodical gives to the report at once distinctness of statement and so much authenticity as it can receive—

"To understand thoroughly this discussion, it is necessary to bear in mind, that when Lord Aberdeen accompanied Queen Victoria to Eu, he there held serious converse with M. Guizot on the affairs of Spain. Concessions were made on both sides. As regarded the marriage of Queen Isabella, England withdrew the idea of proposing a Coburg, and France withdrew the Duke of Montpensier. It was agreed that the young Queen was to marry a descendant of Philip the Fifth. As for the second marriage, the French Government engaged itself to adjourn the union of the Duke of Montpensier with the Infanta until the Queen had presented Spain with an heir to the throne; but it was likewise understood that France was to be free of all engagement if a Coburg were again brought forward. In this manner the question was solved for the future prosperity of Spain, and without disturbing the good understanding between France and



England. This is what the upright and loyal-minded Lord Aberdeen had sincerely at heart.

"But there was a third person interested in these matrimonial alliances, who was but little pleased with this arrangement. Queen Christina was convinced that great inconvenience would arise if the two marriages of the Queen and of the Infanta were not concluded at the same time; that adjourning the second was leaving the door open to eventualities which might prove serious. The obstacles which presented themselves in the way of Count Trapani are well known. There was, for a short time, a lull in the question of the marriage.

"It was, no doubt, owing to those ceaseless difficulties that Queen Christina, some months back, sent an agent to Prince Ferdinand of Cobourg, who was then residing at Lisbon with his son Leopold. It will be easily guessed whether those overtures were listened to. If we are well informed, the British Minister at Madrid entered into the plans of the Queen-mother. Mr. Bulwer is a man of talent; and it has always been a point with him to endeavour to outwit France, even at the risk of disturbing the existing harmony between the two countries. He set to work in the cause of the Prince of Cobourg with a zeal which, it is said, called forth a reprimand from Lord Aberdeen. Lord Aberdeen reminded him of what had passed at the Chateau d'Eu; and, in the uprightness of his heart, condemned projects which he was aware tended to compromise the good feeling between the two countries. Mr. Bulwer was so hurt at the disapprobation manifested by his principal, that he offered to resign.

"It was at this juncture of affairs that Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues retired from office. As soon as Lord Palmerston was installed in the department for Foreign Affairs, the French Government, it is asserted, made several communications to him concerning Spanish affairs. To numerous questions on this subject Lord Palmerston replied only by silence or evasive answers. He professed unlimited respect for the absolute freedom of action of Spain; and at the same time he informed Mr. Bulwer that he only regarded three candidates as eligible for the hand of the Queen of Spain,—namely, the Prince of Cobourg, the Duke of Cadiz, and Don Enrique. It was thus that Lord Palmerston respected the independence of Spain, and cut out France altogether. French diplomacy was not to tolerate such a position. A struggle ensued between Mr. Bulwer and M. Bresson, in which the latter proved victorious."

The marriages of Queen Isabella and the Infanta were solemnized in the Hall of the Ambassadors, at half-past ten p. m., on the 10th instant. All the Royal Family were present, as well as the high Dignitaries of the State, the Church, and the Household; the Foreign Ambassadors; and a host of nobles, ladies, guards, &c. A sumptuous temporary altar was erected on the left of the throne. All having taken their stations, the religious ceremony commenced. It is briefly described by the correspondent of the *Morning Post*—

"The Queen, who was as pale as her sister was flushed, descended the steps of the throne; Infante Francisco de Assis placing himself by her side; the Queen-mother being on her Majesty's right. At the same time, the Infanta and the Duke de Montpensier, with the Duke d'Aumale, stationed themselves on the right of Queen Christina. The Patriarch of the Indies read a short exhortation upon the duties of matrimony, and proceeded through the usual form of demanding of the principals, whether there was any impediment why they should not enter the bonds of holy wedlock, and whether they accepted each other for husband and wife? He then blessed them with the sign of the cross, the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This concluded the ceremony; and immediately after, Queen Christina, who was observed to raise her handkerchief to her eyes more than once during its continuance, embraced her daughters, and kissed the Duke de Montpensier and the Infante Francisco de Assis upon the forehead. At the same time, the brides and bridegrooms received the congratulations of the Royal Family; and the Queen and her sister retired with the husbands."

The Duke de Montpensier had presented Senor Isturiz with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and with a snuff-box set in brilliants, bearing the portrait of King Louis Philippe.

*Switzerland*.—Civil war has broken out in Geneva, and each day's post has brought accounts of renewed disorders. We follow in the main the narratives supplied by the *Journal des Debats*.

Lucerne and the other six Roman Catholic Cantons had joined in a league to secure the right of the majority in those Cantons to carry out their own views of policy. The Protestant Cantons took steps to oppose the league, as an illegal encroachment on the general confederation; and the question came in due course before the Grand Council of Geneva. The Council voted against the league, but accompanied its vote with certain stipulations for the maintenance of "public order." The Radical party had expected an unqualified vote of hostility to the league; and as soon as the result was known, they began to organize.

The town of Geneva may be divided into three parts,—the upper town, principally inhabited by the wealthy class; the lower town, the chief seat of trade, which runs along the left bank of the Rhone; and on the other side of the bridges the suburb called St. Gervais, where the greater part of the working population live. In that quarter, popular meetings were convoked to protest against the vote. Proclamations were even published calling the people to arms and animated groups began to circulate in the quarter St. Gervais. A first assembly was held on the 5th instant, in the Place du Temple; and five hundred citizens protested against the decision of the Grand Council. They convoked the people to a meeting for the next day; and it took place in the church of St. Gervais; two thousand persons being present. M. James Fazy read a protest against the decision of the Grand Council, by which the vote was declared "unconstitutional," as such not binding, and null until the Confederation had pronounced on its constitutional value. This was adopted by a show of hands; and M. James Fazy himself designated twenty-five persons to form part of a constitutional committee charged to make direct representations to the Vorort.

The agitation having assumed on the 6th a very grave appearance, the partisans of the Government placed themselves at its orders. Warrants were issued against the printer of the placard and two persons who had helped to draw it up.

But resistance only made the rebels more violent. A fourth popular meeting took place in the Protestant church of St. Gervais. It presented a more violent and audacious aspect than the preceding ones. M. James Fazy was of opinion to delay, saying that the moment for acting was not yet come. But, on the proposition of M. Samuel Muller, the meeting resolved, with cries of liberty or death, to place on foot three hundred armed men to act during the night as the guard of the faubourg. On its side, the Government did not remain inactive; as the Council of State ordered that five companies of the city and one of the country should be called out. During the same evening, the insurgents formed barricades in the faubourg of St. Gervais.

On the morning of the 7th, the militia proceeded to storm these barricades;

which it effected after having fired about two hundred cannon-shots. After the first success, it was necessary to occupy the suburbs: this was attempted at two places; but when the militia reached the entrance of the suburb, it was received with a most destructive fire from the windows of all the houses. The militia behaved in the most gallant manner: the commanding-officers faced the fire at the head of their troops, and only retreated and crossed the bridges again when they had almost all been wounded and disabled. They remained, nevertheless, in possession of the lower town, and of the Rhone; and the insurrection was still confined to St. Gervais. During the night the insurgents set fire to the bridges. The population of the lower town being then in danger, rose in its turn, and declared for the insurrection. At the same time, the Radicals from the Canton of Vaud were arriving to assist the insurgents. The militia being thus threatened on every side, gave way and yielded; and the State Council resigned in a body. In the evening, the magazines and the principal public establishments were in the power of the insurgents, who immediately established a temporary government. The leading officers of the militia were killed in their attempt to preserve order; and some of the first families in Geneva had losses to deplore.

By the 10th, the city was restored to outward peace. On that day, according to the quasi-official announcement put forth by the Provisional Government, "the people of Geneva met in general council, and unanimously voted the following decree"—

"The Grand Council is dissolved. The resignation of the Council of State is accepted. A Provisional Government, composed of ten members, shall be immediately elected by the General Council. A new Grand Council is convoked for the 25th instant. The number of Deputies is reduced by one-half. The Electoral Colleges of arrondissement are reduced to three—viz. one for the communes of the left bank of the Lake and of the Rhone, and one for those of the right bank. The constituent power is conferred on this Grand Council to prepare a revision of the constitution, to be submitted to the votes of the people. The paid guard shall be disbanded. All the damage done in the affairs of the 7th shall be charged to the Council of State which has resigned, and the officer who commanded in chief the armed force of the Government."

After the voting of this decree, the following persons were unanimously elected for the Provisional Government—James Fazy, Louis Rilliet, Leonard Gentin, Bordier, Francois Janin, Balthazar Decret, Castoldi, Pons, Mouline, Foutanel.

*Poland*.—A correspondent at Frankfort, writing on the 4th instant, describes a disastrous state of affairs in the Polish provinces of Austria.

"Martial law is again on the point of being proclaimed in Austrian Poland. The late attempt at revolution seems to have deeper and more widely-spread ramifications than was at first supposed. The increase of population, which in both Austrian and Russian Poland is estimated at nearly one per cent per annum, naturally brings a pressure with it, which, if not accompanied by sound and even political progress, cannot but lead to periodically reverting distress and disturbances. We have instances enough of the truth of this axiom nearer home. The emissaries of the exiled nobles were perhaps surprised at the willingness with which their suggestions respecting a rising were received: they seem, however, to have been disappointed in the little sympathy shown for any particular caste or family by the discontented peasantry; and to have hung back in consequence. The Government miscalculated, on the other hand, when it supposed that the peasants would be satisfied if they could wreak their hatred on the nobles. After they had performed the service demanded of them, and preserved the rule of the house of Hapsburg at the cost of rending asunder many venerated ties, they expected a reward which no government could openly recur the responsibility of giving: they sought an addition to their material comforts in the only shape in which they have been taught to look for comfort—in the reduction of their services (labour-rents) or in land. In tranquil times, there are but two ways of getting either. The services must be redeemed and their land purchased by the earnings of industry, or they must be seized by open rapine. The slowness of such proceedings is disagreeable to men seeking for a rapid change; and the recommendation to rely upon their industry, even with the prospect of a loan to be applied in indemnifications, is not very palatable to men who recently stood with arms in their hands, and who were treated with by the authorities upon terms of concession. There can be no chance of settlement for this fine country until its inhabitants are treated as full grown men: the leading-string must be relaxed, if they cannot be wrested from the hands of the nurses and tutors who persist in holding them.

Should, therefore, an appeal, to the pockets of the English capitalists be made in the shape of a loan, even to forward this desirable object,—and we are given to expect that a loan either is or soon will be out for the Austrian Government,—it will be wise for subscribers to consider whether, until the Government of Austrian Poland is placed upon a somewhat popular basis, so as to admit of a natural improvement in the condition of the people, the investment is a safe one. At no distant day, the payment of interest may be found as disagreeable as the payment of rent. That no payments are practicable for nations whose sufferings constantly increase with their increasing numbers, must be evident; it is no less evident that the prosperity of nations must be founded on a wider basis than can be comprehended by the sagacity of the wisest minister or of the best-intentioned monarch.

*Circassia*.—The Russians appear to have met with fresh reverses in Circassia. In order to ensure success against Schamyl, Prince Worenzoff was some time since appointed to the command of the Russian forces. With a more numerous army than had ever been previously employed in this warfare, the Prince undertook an expedition to Darga, for the purpose of there establishing a Russian post. He reached Darga after a most arduous march through a most difficult country with great loss, every passage being obstinately defended by the Circassians. Hitherto he had driven the enemy before him; but their turn now came, and the Prince was so hard pressed as to be forced to fight hand to hand in the melee with the barbarians. His retreat from Darga was a series of defeats. At Janyouchy, in Georgia, fighting like a common soldier, he barely escaped being taken prisoner; and his campaign terminated in a rout and flight. On the lowest computation, twenty thousand men of the Russian army must have fallen in battle during the campaign, after this action had taken place.

In subsequent operations, Schamyl is stated to have followed up his previous successes by taking the Russian fort Asahjeck. The report is that Prince Worenzoff has been recalled and sent Ambassador to Vienna. This appointment is viewed in the light of a disgrace, since the Prince thus loses his post as Governor of the Crimea of the Ukraine.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, Oct. 14.—Corps of Royal Engineers: First Lt. A. H. Freeling to be Sec. Capt. v. Fellowes, dec.; Sec. Lt. A. R. V. Crease to First Lt. v. Freeling; Sec. Lt. F. C. Belson to be First Lt. v. Hon. W. Napier.



Three gentlemen abroad lay claim to the invention of a fulminating gun-cotton. M. Chodosko, a Pole, has exhibited some at the Academy of Sciences in Paris; but it has the defect of leaving a considerable deposit in the gun-barrel. M. Morel, a mechanical engineer at Paris, has taken out a patent for his invention; which has received scientific and official approbation. "Burned on the hand, it causes no sensible pain, leaves no stain, and produces no smoke. Dipped in water and pressed, and afterwards dried between two leaves of blotting-paper, it preserves its fulminating properties." Another inventor is Dr. Otto, Professor of Chemistry in Brunswick. Sneering at those who have been before him in protecting their inventions, he says that he "scorns to sell or take out a patent for his very interesting discovery;" and he publishes his method of making the cotton, "for the general good of the public"—

"Common well-cleaned cotton is dipped for about half-a-minute in highly concentrated nitric acid, (the acid which I use being made by the distillation of ten parts of dried saltpetre and six of oil of vitriol,) and then instantly placed in water, which must be often renewed, in order to free the cotton from the acid with which it is impregnated. Care must then be taken that all the knotty particles of the cotton are properly disentangled, and that it is thoroughly dried. After this, the explosive preparation is ready for us: its effects create astonishment in all who witness them; and the smallest portion explodes when struck on an anvil with a hammer, like fulminating powder: when kindled with a glowing body, it takes fire just like gunpowder; and when used in a gun, its operation, though in a far greater portion to its weight, is precisely the same as that of gunpowder. This gun-cotton is employed exactly in the same way as gunpowder: a piece of it is rammed down the barrel, then a bit of wadding, and after that a ball; a copper cap ignites and explodes the cotton."

DIED.—At Liverpool, England, on the 10th of October, of pulmonary consumption, in the 20th year of his age, VESEY TEMPLE HANDCOCK, second son of the Rev. Thomas Handcock, A.B., of this city, and late of the United States Naval Engineer Department, a young man of eminent personal and professional attainments.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 7½ a 8 per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1846.

The *Britannia* arrived at Boston on Saturday morning last, and the news brought by her was received here in the afternoon. It is of considerable interest both in a political and a commercial point of view.

Wheat was rising, and the prevailing opinion was that it would still farther increase in price. By the average, which was struck on the 15th ult., the rate proved to be 56s. 10d. per quarter—but it was believed that on the 20th the average would reach 60s. per quarter.

The news from Ireland bears a more quiet aspect though there has been several provision riots, which appear to have been caused as much by the fear of scarcity as by actual suffering. The tranquillizing effects of the employment afforded on the public works, &c., were beginning to be felt. Numerous voluntary relief meetings had been held in different districts, and though but moderate sums were voted, it was considered to be an indication of a healthy spirit.

The Quarter's Revenue presents a nett increase of £539,000; but the increase on the year only proves to be £88,000. The disparity is accounted for partly by the stagnation of trade produced in the fore part of the year by the introduction of the Free Trade measures of Sir Robert Peel, and partly by the duties which were taken off in 1845 as well as in the present year, which amount to the heavy sum of nearly £3,000,000 sterling.

The Spanish marriages have been solemnized, notwithstanding the opposition offered by the Government of Great Britain. Mr. Bulwer's remonstrance not having the desired effect, he finally protested formally against the marriage, and has, it is said, distinctly declared that Great Britain will never permit any child of the Duc de Montpensier to ascend the throne of Spain. This protest was based on the Treaty of Utrecht, which expressly provides that no Prince of the House of Orleans shall succeed to the Spanish throne. As we said before, undue importance, in our opinion, has been given to the subject.

Switzerland is again in a disturbed state, and a revolutionary government is enthroned in Geneva. The difficulty appears to have arisen in regard to the right of several of the Cantons forming a league for defending Roman Catholic interests. We are fearful that these disturbances will not cease so long as the religious feelings of the people are kept up to their present excited state—and such discordant elements is kept in forcible confederation.

### SCOTT, AND THE CHARACTERS OF HIS FICTIONS.

It has been customary, time out of mind, to quote the assertion of the wise King of Israel, Solomon, that "There is nothing new under the Sun," as an universal truth, not liable to modification or qualification in any measure or degree. In one point of view, however, one may be disposed—not to dispute, but—to soften or modify the force, and to restrain the extent of the sagacious ruler's saying. It may be, and in fact is, true that there is no new matter, there are no new principles in physical nor in moral nature, there are no new vices, new virtues, new motives of action (strictly speaking) in the moral world, beyond what existed in the first hours of creation. But this is refining over-much, for there are new modifications of all these things, to such an extent as almost to justify the observation that the physical and moral world teem continually with novelties, and that they are bursting upon the eye and the understanding every hour; and that though essences and principles may be admitted to have existed unchangeably since the beginning of things, yet the developments are through so many new channels, and present so many new views and combinations, that they are in reality new things to the generations in which they severally present themselves. It may, therefore, be here predicated and averred

that Matter and Principle are ever radically the same, but that modifications and developments continually vary and accumulate.

It is not intended here to enter upon a wide discussion of the varieties and the comparative degrees of usefulness of the many new things, in this sense of the term, but to draw attention towards one in particular which is recent in its operation, powerful in its influence, yet silent in its operation; and which is highly deserving of close regard, not only for its important effects on society, but also from the pleasing manner in which those effects are produced. The new thing here alluded to is the Modern work of Fiction, including every species of invented narrative of the present day, from the Novel of the three octavo volumes in length, to the brief tale in the periodical literature of our times, occupying perhaps but as many pages, as the former has volumes. The regeneration of this species of writing is as different from those of even one century ago, and as far superior to its predecessor of that period as the manners of modern civilized life are in comparison with those of the middle ages. The old Romance required in the hero indomitable courage, fixed resolution, a chivalrous bearing, and innumerable impossible adventures; for the achievement of the last, since they must in vindication of the hero's place in the scene, be performed, however naturally impossible, there was always on hand a goodly supply of necromancy, magic, enchantment, or a numerous assortment of genii, hippogriffs, fiery dragons, flying chariots, and other preternatural agency and assistance; (many of which, in the hands of skilful poets or story-tellers were only allegorical meanings of helps and difficulties), so that the acts of the heroes should far outstrip those of the ancient demigods who had flourished in ancient history, and their names should be handed down, as many of them are, through successive generations. Thus flourished Amadis de Gaul, Toriarte the White, King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, Archbishop Turpin, and all that nearly endless list of worthies, whose adventures were so remorselessly condemned to the flames by the Manchean Curate and his friend the barber, as inimitably told by Cervantes, who may be considered as the pioneer of the Modern romance and novel.

Whatever affords an illustration of human life in its numerous phases and circumstances, whatever holds up the virtues to admiration and example, the vices to scorn, or the follies of our nature to derision, exhibits, it is admitted, an useful lesson to the reflecting observer, and performs a part in the conduct of the human mind, more or less important according to the influence which the principle, thus held to view, exerts upon society at large. The modes of giving such illustrations are various, but so are, also, the workings of the human heart, and therefore it is that we find, by turns, the several avenues to the sensibilities, and the different styles of appeal to the judgment and experience tried, by the mercurial or by the saturnine moralist with equal success when the application is judiciously selected.

The author and the painter have essayed in this behalf, and it would be unjust as well as ungenerous to institute a comparison either of the means or of the success. Suffice it that each is an efficient worker in the cause, and that each has been found, not unfrequently, an important adjunct to the other. These two great divisions of moral teachers may be subdivided, and we shall find that even the subdivisions, although not always closely coinciding with each other, are yet always analogous in a remarkable degree. In the order of writers we have the Preacher, the Essayist, the Historian, the Poet, the Novelist, and the Satirist; in that of the Arts we have hardly so great a variety that can be expressed in distinct terms, although perhaps a greater by a sub-division of the terms, for the historical painter may be said to include in his range at least the first four in the department of letters, and goes far into correspondence with the fifth; the Portrait painter may take his stand with the Biographer, and the Satirist must find his brother in the Caricaturist. The author, more than any member of the Fine Arts, is more indicative in his works of the age in which he has lived; thus, to say nothing of other branches of literature, the heroism of the ancient days were Hercules who destroyed the monsters, Perseus who were obnoxious to the living, in other words who were clearing the savage and barbarous out of the path of mankind; in the middle ages of modern times those who protected the distressed, who fought for love and honour, and who considered personal courage as the greatest human virtues; and the modern times those who displayed the mass of human virtues and vices, and who traced the heart in all its ramifications and convolutions.

But let us drop all these animadversions on the past, and confine ourselves to the main object of this and the following papers. In all times, and at all periods there have been men who outstepped in their generation and in this particular walk of life the great bulk of their fellow-men, and there never yet was one, who attained to unwonted eminence, that was not assailed by either prejudice, calumny, ignorance, or envy. To the attack commenced through the instigation of such passions and feelings, every man who aspires to a lasting name among mankind must consider himself as necessarily liable; it is part of the toll or tax incidental to his career, and fortunate is he who shall happen to travel through life, in the smoothest road, and with the fewest demands on his patience as he proceeds to his journey's end. The most inveterate enemies in their way-faring, and the most uncandid in their judgments are those whose opposition has its origin in different politics, which, being affairs in which comparatively few are competent to judge aright, and without prejudice, yet which all imagine they understand better than their neighbours, produce ungracious feelings at every expression of conflicting opinion, whether they be upon important or upon slight occasion.

Of such hostile feeling, few men have been more the object than the late Sir Walter Scott, although it has always failed to retard the impetuosity and the



onward vigor of his astonishing literary course, and has been amply overbalanced by the warm affection of numerous friends, and the enthusiastic admiration of legions of readers, of all countries, and we may say of every complexion of politics. Of his critical or his political enemies no more need here be said, but it will be admitted that since the days of Shakspeare none who have written in the English language have mixed in their works more deeply with human nature than Sir Walter Scott, and no one more richly deserves to have his characters scanned, or their truths put in broad relief than he. Shakspeare, and he well deserves it, has had both his sayings and his exhibition of character well examined, intimately dissected, and hardly an excellency in that wonderful man is there, but what has been completely developed, and not one of his lights "stand under a bushel." Scott in his way has been as great an observer, and he is also almost as great a genius in the departments of description, human analysis, dialogue, and startling incident. He uses no more characters in his story than are necessary for the development of his catastrophe, he never takes much of the reader's time up with what has little to do with the main plot, and he has constantly in view some purpose which may interest or teach. He, in one respect, is like Cervantes; he found the department of the novel either filled with monstrous perfections, acute sensibilities, unnatural denouements, or matters, foreign to our experience of human nature; or he found the historical novel founded in fact yet distorting history most abominably. He adopted the conduct of his characters to the ways of the world, their thoughts, their wishes, and their aspirations, and, if he took up the historical subject he so interwove fictitious characters with real ones that he drew out his lesson, and did not dangerously interfere with the facts of the times he touched upon. He has, therefore, done away with the love and preternatural school of novel entirely—yet without giving them up altogether himself! Such was "The Wizard of the North," who managed his principal characters not only as essential helps to the plot of the book, but also as source of material phase in the philosophy of social existence.

We propose, therefore, in a series of papers, to be expounders of these principal characters, and to take into more minute consideration the genius of Scott, concerning whom we are persuaded that the more we know the more we shall be convinced that he is an extraordinary writer—although we recollect the prophecy of a generally sound judge in such cases that he would "outlive his own reputation." But he was not like some we could mention, though that would be invidious, who can run themselves out of subject. PHIL-SCOTT.

#### RAMBLES IN VERMONT.—(Concluded.)

With the exception of the general romantic appearance of the country, the sudden cutting of a corner and so coming abruptly on some beautiful scene of the Winooski (or Onion) river, some local incident or other, there is little else to describe along the road between Burlington and Montpelier, for the villages have nothing picturesque about them, save that of Middlesex which is the prettier from the road turning two or three times in going through it, and another of which we at this moment forget the name, but which is about a dozen miles west of Montpelier. Along this line is full business of the road-maker and the engineer, for the plan of the proposed Railroad has been carefully surveyed, mapped, and levelled by the skilful chief engineer, and small distances are being done simultaneously by distinct contractors, so that, before the stranger is quite aware that a Railroad is in projection on this route, or that a Railroad can be made at all in this direction, it will appear, completed, and in full operation as a travelling means. But it is well worth the trouble and time of the traveller for pleasure, curiosity, and charming scenery, to visit Montpelier itself. It lies as it were sheltered from the blasts of heaven in every direction. It is clean, quiet, sequestered, and every way suitable to the person who wishes to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* with a small circle of neighbors, a pleasant retreat from the world, and possessed of a rational reflective mind. Yet it is not dull, nor anything exteriorly to tend towards dullness in the mind. It is a pretty place, it is not far either from Boston, Canada, or the western busy places. It is the seat of the Vermont State, there are every year a number of intelligent men visiting it, members of the economical state legislature, and a thinking, acute population. There is plenty to a rational mind, to think about the present, to animadvert to the past, and to anticipate the future. The State House there is in a most imposing and well chosen situation; it is just large enough for public business, and a moment's examination of it would shew that in the midst of convenience there does not appear to have been a dollar thrown away. The writer tore himself—as it were—away from this delightful spot, round which he felt that he could have lingered with pleasure for a long season, but he was anxious to get back to Burlington in time for the "Commencement" of the Burlington Colleges. At this he was present and was much gratified by the Exercises, the Rhetoric, and the prospects which this seat of learning gave earnest of, that this would be a credit to Vermont. The village itself, which is in fact, a village, a city, and a seaport, will always gratify the visitor, and shortly will conspicuously, as it is in reality, be the most important place in the State.

From Burlington we turned our steps homeward, and passed over the same ground, nearly, as we had gone northward, only we stopped a short time in Middlebury, a charming, airy village, with a cheerful aspect, fit for the scenery of a seat of learning, for which we have before stated it is remarkable. Here a friend undertook to take us in his carriage a few miles on the road towards Brandon. Accordingly we went off the Turnpike, in a road that leads towards the South, and away to a lake of several acres in area, but which is quite hid from the mere traveller's eyes, a tavern close to the lake, at which boats can be hired, fishing tackle borrowed, and the lake affording abundance of fish, with which delicacy the tavern abounds. We were in raptures with the spot, and here we hastily gave our opinion that this was the place to enjoy "the down-

hill of life" and to watch the advancement and the education of children; when lo! we learnt in the course of conversation that the neighbourhood was infested very much by rattle-snakes, one hill of which was called by the name of Rattle-snake hill; that formerly they were so numerous that adventurers used to come here, for the purpose of catching the reptile for the sake of the oil which they yielded, and that they had continued the adventure until they had thinned the neighbourhood of the object of their adventure,—just as whalers from England, Holland, &c., have thinned East Greenland of the whales formerly abundant there,—and that the rattle-snakes were once more beginning to be numerous at this paradise of a spot. We need hardly say that we got quit of our admiration and cured of our enthusiasm, and that we quitted the place without regret. Nevertheless it is an agreeable place for any party to go to once or twice in the Summer, say from half a dozen to ten miles round, and take a day's fishing or rowing on the lake, for the roads are pretty towards the lake, and I suppose it is safe enough for such an excursion as that,—but no gunning over the hills or through the forest.

We came into the main road a few miles to the northward of Brandon, where my friend took leave of us, and we proceeded to Brandon, from which place the next day another friend drove us to Rutland. We believe that the great charm we were under on these roads, was the kindness we experienced at every place through the numerous friends we either knew or were introduced to in those districts. At Rutland, however, we deviated from the regular southern track, and went to Castleton westward about sixteen miles, and this part in a rolling landscape put us much in mind of the sublime road in the northern part of our journey, it was pleasing, not altogether wanting in grandeur, and somewhat soothing in effect. In Castleton is a very celebrated Medical School. From Castleton we proceeded, but three stages to Troy, the first being with four horses and the last two with six horses each, and certainly I had never (but from books) had an idea that the route could be so difficult, the hills so steep, and the valleys so beautiful, as in this distance. But the route by Railroad or by Steamboat has so spoiled travellers for enjoying the romantic and the beautiful, that there is only one idea prevalent in the wayfarer, and that is getting from one stage end to another. Indeed we saw another proof of that in journeying through the west of New York State, where every body was consulting his card of distances, or looking out for mile-posts, or shewing his familiarity with places as to mention every village and hamlet that we arrived at, and not once was an exclamation of pleasure or satisfaction uttered, at seeing the charming change of scenery in the long and beautiful valley of the Mohawk.

#### Fine Arts.

##### AMERICAN ART-UNION, 322 BROADWAY.

The above establishment has now some specimens of the Fine Arts well deserving a visit, as they go far to show the rapid strides we are making in this country in all the more elegant professions. It is to be regretted that Art-Unions in Europe are being interfered with by the Legislature, as a species of gambling. Lotteries of all kinds in England being strictly prohibited, some sticklers argue that the principles of these Institutions are of the same nature, and as such are endeavouring to check their growth. We are not of the number—on the contrary, we look upon these Institutions, under proper regulations, as good and healthy stimulants to Art, and calculated to foster and encourage latent talent. We can trace great improvements in the Fine Arts in this country since the establishment of Art-Unions among us, and as such feel a warm interest in pointing out a few of the best pictures in the present collection.

No. 7. "The Reprimand," (T. Le Clear), tells its own story. The drawing is remarkably good, the coloring wants depth, the female figure on the left is exceedingly clever.

No. 14. "Boatmen on the Missouri," (Geo. C. Bingham), is a very pretty little cabinet-picture, the three men floating down the river with their cargo of wood—graphic and full of life.

No. 34. "A Landscape," (J. L. Williams), is a sweet little gem, full of warmth and tone.

No. 48. "My Big Brother," (J. W. Beard), is well designed, colouring somewhat crude, but the expression of the small boy and also of the "Big Brother," to whom he has evidently run for succor, is very natural.

No. 209. Portrait of the Rev. W. Channing, (C. C. Ingham), is a good specimen of the Artist, highly finished and doubtless an excellent likeness.

G. L. Brown has several very clever pictures, among which those now particularly attractive are three or four Sunrise and Moonlight scenes in Italy. Mr. Brown is a dashing colorist, and is particularly happy in the above style. He reminds us somewhat of Danby. His depth of color deserves great praise, perspective good, and general tone warm and pleasing. "The St. John," we like the least of any of his pictures as a whole, though the composition in parts is highly commendable, and the undertaking is on a grand scale, evincing talent of a high order. We do not like the figure of the Saviour, and the other figures lack decision and energy.

The picture is No. 238, "Iconoclast Puritans destroying a Church," (E. Leutze). This is indeed an admirable picture, and we congratulate Mr. James Robb, of New Orleans, whose property it is, in having so charming a specimen of Modern Art. The expression and grouping of the figures is admirable, it is in every way a picture of a high order of merit. The subject is lofty and ably realised, it is such efforts of genius that do honor to the Arts. The colouring is not unlike McClise, and if there be any fault it is one in common with that artist, and which is perhaps a little chalky.

Vanderlyn's National Painting of the Landing of Columbus, now exhibiting at the Society Library Rooms in the "Athenæum," Broadway, is intended to occupy one of the vacant panels in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington,



and is well deserving so honourable a destination. It is a colossal picture, and must have been a work of great labor and time. No subject could be more appropriate for its intended distinction, and none more interesting to an American. The period of the picture is selected from Mr. Irving's work, when Columbus took solemn possession of the new-found land in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella. The circumstances are faithfully portrayed. The Genoese is represented with his sword drawn and his royal standard unfurled, round him are grouped his notary Rodrigo de Escobedo and several distinguished Spaniards, bearing the banner of the Enterprise emblazoned with a green cross and the letters F and Y, the initials of the Castilian sovereigns. In front is a figure in a suppliant attitude, probably one of the mutinous on board, his countenance is expressive of regret; further in front is a Spanish *Murillo* looking youth exceedingly graceful and well drawn, a little in the rear are Cavaliers more or less equipped in armour, and in the back ground are seen a number of men in the act of landing. The natives in a perfect state of nature, appear lost in astonishment, and are seen flying about in all directions.

As a work of Art this picture has decided merit. The drawing and design is vigorous and good, and the grouping poetical. The expression of Columbus is full of thought, piety, faith and energy, and the idea of the bold Genoese is ably and efficiently realised. We are told that Columbus "was richly attired in scarlet" when he effected his landing, nevertheless we cannot but think his "leggings" savor a little too much of the drawing-room, for the work he had in hand. There is a fine tone of colouring throughout; the figures are full of life and the expressions truthful. The foreground is ably handled with the exception of the cap of Columbus, which he is supposed to have cast off. This is defective, and has more the appearance of a water-melon than anything else. With this exception, and the perspective and colouring of the sea in the back ground which is also objectionable, the picture is deserving of very high praise.

In the same room we must not overlook three or four very clever copies of the old Masters. A holy family after Correggio is a very meritorious production, so also a copy of Rembrandt, which is a close imitation of that Master's colouring.

### Music and Musical Intelligence.

*Henri Herz.*—The third grand concert of this celebrated artist took place on Tuesday evening, and we do not remember of having ever seen the Tabernacle so very crowded; the sight of the house was one of the most curious which can be imagined. It is useless to say that H. Herz performed wonders; we shall only mention his remarkable improvisation when being called back after his variations on *Le Pre aux clercs*. He introduced in that beautiful *pot-pourri* the principal tunes heard in the first part of the concert, mixing them up with Miss Lucy Long and the facetious Jim Crow. The great feature of the evening was the Semiramide overture for eight pianos and sixteen performers. As this piece will probably be repeated a second time on Tuesday next at the farewell concert of H. Herz, we invite every one to go and listen to it, so as to be able to judge of our own opinion about it, which we shall express in our next.

Miss Northall and Mdme. Pico sung in perfect style the duet of Semiramide, and was loudly and deservedly applauded. We have thanks to give to the very talented George Loder, for having produced the overture to *Le roi d'Yvetot*, a beautiful composition of our good friend Ad. Adam.

*Friday Afternoon.*—We had just written the above lines, when we learned that on account of the extraordinary success obtained by H. Herz and his fifteen assistants, his concert will be repeated to-night (Friday) instead of Tuesday next. Besides the Semiramide overture for sixteen performers, H. Herz had secured the very valuable assistance of Mdme. Pico, Miss Northall, and Sig. de Begnis, and was to perform a grand duet for two pianos with Mr. Timm. We are really sorry not to be able to give a full account of the splendid musical solemnity this week; we shall have a complete report of it in our next. Mr. H. Herz to-morrow (Saturday evening) proceeds to Philadelphia where he will certainly meet with a warm reception.

*Miss Northall's Concert.* on Friday evening of last week, attracted a very respectable though not crowded audience at the Apollo Rooms. The programme was well selected, and embraced the assistance of Mdme. Pico, Sig. De Begnis, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Timm. The Semiramide duet was very well sung by Mdme. Pico and Miss Northall. The "fantasia Concertante" from Norma, for Violin and Piano, was not as effective as it might have been. The best thing of the evening was the Duet from the "Fanatico" by Miss Northall and Sig. de Begnis, substituted for the "Io di Tutto," in the programme, on account of Sig. de Begnis's indisposition. Miss Northall is making rapid strides in her profession. She is a sweet pleasing singer—and as for the Signor—in spite of his dreadful cold caught on board the *Arrogant-set*, as he styles the "Narroganet," he appears younger and more sprightly than ever. We know the Signor has a perfect hydrophobic dread of water, and coming from Providence he remained on deck all night, being a little extra nervous from having met with some inconvenience on board the "Oregon." This will account for his hoarseness caught in the *brouillard* as he calls it. Nevertheless wherever the Signor appears, "away with melancholy,"—good humour and harmony are sure to prevail. Indeed it is now here, what it was some ten years ago in London—one looks for De Begnis at these Concerts. The punch is not perfect without that ingredient.

*Miss Josephine Bramson.*—A Vocal and Instrumental Concert will be given on Monday evening, at the Apollo Rooms, Broadway, when the extraordinary musical genius of the Misses Bramson will be exhibited to, we doubt not, one

of those crowded audiences that have heretofore bestowed such enthusiastic praise upon their performances on the Pianoforte. Their extreme youth and remarkable talent tending to render these performances so chaste and interesting, have been spoken of by us before in terms of unqualified admiration.

The Programme will be found in our advertising columns. We would recommend with more than usual earnestness all those who have not witnessed their skill to attend that evening.

*Philharmonic Society.*—As we announced in our last, the first concert of the Season will take place on Saturday next. Besides a grand symphony by Spohr, our favorite, Timm, will be heard in the second Concerto of Chopin. This capital pianist may be sure of being warmly received by every true amateur.

*The Great Organ at Trinity Church,* which was built under the immediate supervision of Doctor Edward Hodges during a period of about four years, has been adjudged the most effective and best Organ in the country. It is well worth the trouble of those from abroad sojourning in the city to make a visit to Trinity Church, and listen to the deep and solemn tones mingled with the choir produced from that wonderful instrument under the fingering of Dr. Hodges, and to communicate with that gentleman for the purpose of obtaining plans and securing his supervision over the erection of Organs that may be required elsewhere.

*New Music.*—Mr. W. Vanderbeek, of 385 Broadway, has sent us the following pieces of new music, for the Guitar:—Rondino, by Ph. Ernst; Six Melodies Nocturnes Originales, by M. A. Zani de Ferranti; and Nos. I. and II. of Petites Bagatelles Agréables, by Ph. Ernst;—also, for the Piano, Nos. I. and II. of Deux Morceaux, by H. A. Wollenhaupt; and No. I. of the Valse Bohémienne, by S. W. Bassford.

The same publisher has also sent us the following pretty Serenade, "Wake, fairest, wake," for two voices, by Nicholas Pike.

### The Drama.

*Park Theatre.*—It is with sincere gratification that we again have to offer our tribute of delight at the performances of Mr. and Mrs. Kean at this establishment. The houses that have hitherto greeted their return to these boards have been only fair, owing, we presume, to the extraordinary musical attractions elsewhere, which somehow or another appear everywhere to ride rough-shod over all other kinds of intellectual amusements. Be that as it will, the legitimate drama will always command its votaries among the "judicious few." Ellen and Charles Kean (they will pardon our *unctuosity* style) deserve universal thanks for the many happy hours they have afforded us. Mrs. Kean has not the redundancy of *physique* she was wont to have, but much more sentiment, and Charles Kean seems to have gained power. When he used to perform at the Brighton Theatre, under the auspices of the Duchess of St. Albans, his frame was hardly adequate to his exertions—at present he appears by no means to "labour in his vocation." In the "Wife's Secret" both of them appear to great advantage. We are unacquainted with the Author, but he is an adept in dramatic poetry, and has produced a home-thrilling story in bold nervous style, and replete with spirit-stirring sentiment. The situations are highly dramatic. The main-spring of the plot is similar to (if not taken from) the chief incident in Sir Walter Scott's "Rokeby." It would be sacrilege to reveal the *Secret*, so we will confine ourselves to a few additional remarks on the performance. Lady Eveline was not acted, it was *daguerreotypied* by Mrs. Kean. We have never witnessed more truthfulness than in her latter scenes. Charles Kean's sudden alternations of love, remorse, and despair, were fine delineations of nature. The Iago like part of *Jabez*, in the hands of Fisher, was worthily represented; and Mrs. Hunt, as the Page, was *naïve* to a degree, and displayed so much *materiel*, that we regret the management should ever put her into parts unsuited to her.

*Palmo's Opera House.*—This pretty little theatre re-opened on Monday last for Vaudeville and Ballet performances, under very favorable auspices judging from the crowded state of the house. Miss Taylor appeared in the first piece, and was received by her old friends as warmly as ever. If anything she is improved in appearance and in her singing. Mdme. Augusta's reception was equally enthusiastic, but not more than her grace and skill are entitled to. She is always a delightful *danseuse*, and if her "tours de force" are not so vigorous as others, she amply makes up in grace and chasteness of style for anything lacking in other respects. Her first *pas* in the second act was worthy of *Cerito*. We should like to see Mdme. Augusta in the *pas de l'ombre*. She was very badly supported by the *corps de ballet*, and the orchestra at present is weak and inefficient, which should be remedied.

*Bowery Theatre.*—This theatre has been doing a very fair business during the past week. Mrs. Coleman Pope took her benefit on Wednesday evening, and presented two sterling pieces for her bill, they were the "School for Scandal," and the "Lady of Lyons." She played the parts of Lady Teazle in the former and Pauline in the latter in very good style, and was loudly applauded in both pieces. Mr. J. B. Booth, the tragedian, commenced an engagement at this house on Thursday evening in Shakspeare's tragedy of "Hamlet."

*Olympic Theatre.*—Mr. Mitchell appears determined not to be outdone by any one in giving his audience the worth of their money. Besides the host of talent which he has always on hand, he has engaged Mr. John Dunn, who is more familiarly known as "That Rascal Jack." He has appeared in a farce called the "Lucky Stars," and "That Rascal Jack," in both of which he was well received. Miss Partington, the graceful little *danseuse*, is still at this theatre, and is as great a favorite as ever.



**Chatham Theatre.**—This place of amusement still keeps "The Man of the Mountain" before the public, and very judiciously, for it draws large and respectable audiences, and likewise fills the treasury. Besides the above piece, they have produced "The Governor's Wife," "The Village Lawyer," "The Spectre Bridegroom," &c., in which Messrs. Fenno, Winans, Greene, and Mrs. LaForest played their parts very effectively.

### Literary Notices.

**Virtue's Illustrated Family Bible, No. 34.**—This number proceeds as far as the 6th chapter of I. Kings, and is illustrated with a very fine engraving of "Boaz and Ruth." The highest praise we can give is to say it is equal to the numbers already issued.

The Harper's have issued No. 11 of their invaluable edition of the "Pictorial History of England." This work is studded with numerous pleasing and instructive illustrations, and forms, when complete, the most perfect history of England extant.

We have received the Reprint of *Blackwood* for October, and the *Knickerbocker* and *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* for November—they will all be found interesting by the classes for whom they are particularly intended.

**Goethe's Autobiography.**—Translated from the German by Parke Godwin.—Several years since a pretended translation of this work appeared in England, but it proved to be very imperfect. A good translation has been much wanted, and from the examination we have been able to give this publication, we think we may safely say that it supplies the necessary desideratum. It forms No. 75 of Wiley and Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading."

PHILADELPHIA.—Copies of the *Anglo American* may be obtained at Colon & Adriance's, Arcade, Chestnut Street.

### GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT,

AT THE APOLLO ROOMS, BROADWAY.

MISS JOSEPHINE BRAMSON'S Concert will take place on MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 16th, on which occasion she will be assisted by Mlle. RACHEL, Mrs. FERGUSON, Miss HARRIET BRAMSON, Miss ROSALIE FURST, Miss JOSEPHINE BRAMSON (Pupil of Mr. W. A. King), and Mr. W. A. KING, who will preside at the Piano-forte—having kindly volunteered their services.

#### PROGRAMME.—PART I.

1. Grand Duett—Variations on the March from "Guillaume Tell,"—Piano-forte, Miss Josephine Bramson and W. A. King. : : : : Herz
2. Song—Mrs. Ferguson—"Deh! non voler castigare," : : : : Donizetti
3. Grand Variations—Piano-forte—Miss J. Bramson, Romance from "Joseph," : : : : Herz
4. Scena—Mlle. Rachel "Grace, grace," from the Opera of "Robert le Diable," : : : : Meyerbeer
5. Duett—Piano-forte—Miss Furst and Miss H. Bramson, "Pace dolce e placide," : : : : Herz

#### PART II.

1. Song—Mrs. Ferguson, (by particular request), "The Sea," : : : : Newkonn
2. Solo—Piano-forte—Miss Furst, "Edouard et Christine," : : : : Hunte
3. Duett—Piano-forte—Miss Furst and Miss H. Bramson, "Polonaise," from Tancrède, : : : : Hunte
4. Cavatina—Mlle. Rachel, "Le Mezza Notte," : : : : Donizetti
5. Grand Fantasia—Miss J. Bramson, "La Sombambula," : : : : Herz

Tickets—ONE DOLLAR each—to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door on the evening of performance. Children under 14 years, half price. Doors open at 7.—Concert commence at 8 o'clock, precisely. Nov. 14-15

### DR. POWELL, M.D.

OCULIST AND OPERATIVE SURGEON, 261 BROADWAY, cor. Warren-Street. ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P.M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes. ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and Offices 261 Broadway, cor. Warren-st. Sept. 13-15.

### PIANO FORTES.

PURCHASERS are invited to call at CHAMBER'S Ware-Rooms, No. 385 BROADWAY, for a superior and warranted article. Aug 18-19.

### BEAR'S OIL.

HIGHLY SCENTED AND PURE FOR THE HAIR.

OF all the preparations for the HAIR, or WHISKERS, nothing equals the Oil prepared from BEAR'S GREASE. In most instances it restores the Hair to the Bald, and will effectually preserve it from falling off in any event. It was long noted by such eminent Physicians and Chemists as Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Henry Hallford, that pure Bear's Grease, properly prepared, was the best thing ever discovered for the preservation of the Hair, or restoring it when Bald. The subscriber has saved no expense in getting the genuine Bear's Grease, from Canada and elsewhere, and prepared it in such a manner that the Oil, combined with its high perfume, renders it indispensable for the toilet and dressing-room of all.

Prepared and Sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway corner Chamber Street,—Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) In bottles, 50 cents for large, 25 cents for small. Sept. 19-3m.

### JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber is constantly receiving fresh supplies of every description of the above well known popular Pens. A large stock is constantly kept on hand, consisting of patent, Magnum Bonum, Damascus and double Damascus barrel Pen; Principality, each extra fine, fine and medium points; Caligraphic, (illustrated cards). Fervian, New York Fountain, Ladies' Patent Prince Albert, Queen's Own, Baronia, Victoria, and School Pens, on cards and in boxes of one gross each. Together with an excellent article for School use, the Collegiate Pen and the Croton Pen, (on illustrated cards and in boxes) which possesses strength, elasticity, and fineness of point, admirably suited to light and rapid hands. Very cheap Pens in boxes; holders of every description; all of which are offered at low rates, and the attention of purchasers solicited, by Oct. 3-16.

HENRY JESSOP, Importer, 91 John, corner of Gold-st.

### GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK AND AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Containing Coloured Fashion Plates, Mezzotint and Steel Engravings, Caps, Bonnets, &c. Model Cottages, Crotchet Work, The Art of making Artificial Flowers, Netting, &c., Music, Tales and Poetry by all the acknowledged talent of this country. Price \$3 per annum, which also includes a copy of either *Blackwood's Lady's Magazine* or a copy of *London Lady's World of Fashion* 1 year.—Address L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia. [Oct. 24-25]

### SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The Sarsaparilla can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits: South Bolton, Canada East, April 16, 1846.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the effects of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard. JOHN M. NORMIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true. REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.

Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Galusha:—

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 23, 1845.

Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. J. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years; and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly, WM. GALUSHA.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Post, Kingston; S. F. Uquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.

THE public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

### SIGHT RESTORED, AND INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES CURED

BY THE ROMAN EYE BALSAM.

A SPECIFIC OINTMENT FOR DISEASES OF THE EYE.

THOUSANDS are suffering from weak eyes, or inflammation of the eyelids, so severe as to deprive them of all the enjoyments of life, and render existence itself almost a burthen to them, when they might in a very short time be completely cured, and their eyes restored to their natural brightness, by using the celebrated ROMAN EYE BALSAM. There is no article prepared that is so immediately certain to remove the pain and inflammation from the eye-lids, and restore the sight. Any disease or weakness of the eye that can be cured without an operation, will yield quickly to the specific effect of this pleasant application. Many people have been restored to sight by a few applications of this valuable Balsam, after other means have failed to give them relief. In small jars, price 25 cents.

Prepared and sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist, 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers Street, New York, (Successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by the most respectable Druggists in the United States. Sept. 19-3m.

MR. GEORGE LODER begs to announce that, at the request of many friends, he has formed an Orchestra of the most talented professors upon the plan of the celebrated JULIEN, being ready upon the shortest notice to attend Fetes Champetres, Matinees, Musicales, Fetes Solemnels, Solvres Musicales, Concerts, and all Musical Performances. Mr. Loder flatters himself that the kind appreciation by the Public of his endeavours to promote the efficiency of Instrumental Performances will be a guarantee of the excellence of his Band. TERMS.—For full Orchestra, or any number of Musicians, may be known upon application to Mr. LODER, No. 9 Varick Street, St. John's Park. Sept. 5-16.

### TOOTH-ACHE CURED IN ONE MINUTE

BY THE USE OF THE CLOVE ANODYNE.

THIS is an excellent article, and will cure the most violent tooth-ache, or pain in the gums in one minute.

The Clove Anodyne is not unpleasant to the taste or injurious to the teeth, and will permanently cure any tooth to which it may be applied.

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### LIFE ASSURANCE.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

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CAPITAL £500,000, OR \$2,500,000.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

THIS Institution embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to Life Assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premiums paid (see table); also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or necessity.

### DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The remarkable success and increasing prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

#### EXAMPLES.

Age.	Sum.	Premium.	Year.	Bonus added.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction of premium.	Sum ass'd may borrow on the policy.
	\$	\$		\$	\$	\$	\$
			1837	1088 75	500 24	80 03	2225
			1838	960 76	425 53	67 53	1867
60	5000	370 80	1839	828 00	370 45	55 76	1760
			1840	581 85	270 20	39 70	1463
			1841	555 56	347 50	37 54	1236

The division of profits is annual, and the next will be made in December of the present year.

### UNITED STATES AGENCY.

For list of local directors, medical officers, tables of rates, and report of last annual meeting (15th of May, 1846,) see the Society's pamphlet, to be obtained at their office, 74 Wall Street New York.

#### MEDICAL EXAMINERS.

J. Kearney Rodgers, M.D.  
Alexander E. Hossack, M.D. } New York.  
S. S. Keene.

BANKERS—The Merchant's Bank, New York.

#### STANDING COUNSEL.

W. Van Hook, Esq., New York. J. Meredith, Esq., Baltimore.

SOLICITOR at New York, John Hone, Esq.

JACOB HARVEY, Chairman of Local Board.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

Oct. 8-16



## FRANKLIN HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

No. 105 Chesnut Street.

THIS popular house, lately kept by the Messrs. SANDERSON, has now passed into possession of the undersigned, who has re-fitted, re-furnished, papered and painted it, throughout—and made such additions to it, as may conduce more to the comfort of travellers.

An elegant LADIES' ORDINARY, GENTLEMEN'S DINING SALOON, and several large PARLOURS, have been added—and the Table, Bedding, and Attendance it is determined shall be equal to any in the country.

Convenient BATH-ROOMS have also been fitted up, by the present proprietor, in the house, and every care will be taken to please those who may call on him.

A POST COACH, belonging to the "Franklin House," will be in attendance at the Depot and Steamboat Landings, to take passengers to this House, for 25 cents each, including luggage.

The Subscriber respectfully solicits a share of the Public patronage,—and having retained the services of Mr. JAMES M. SANDERSON, as Caterer for the Establishment, believes that the fullest satisfaction will be realized by all his guests.

The Office and Books are in charge of Mr. GEORGE P. BURNHAM, (late of Boston), who will be happy to meet his friends at the "FRANKLIN." D. K. MINOR, Proprietor.

## THE PLUMBE NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

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Jly. 25-4f.

## MANSION HOUSE, NATCHEZ.

JOHN McDONNELL, (Late of City Hotel), PROPRIETOR.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the travelling public, and the public generally, that he has removed from the City Hotel, which house he has conducted for the last five years, and continues his business at the well known MANSION HOUSE, which will be entirely refitted and put in the best possible order.

By close attention to the comfort of his guests, he hopes to ensure a continuation of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him. JOHN McDONNELL, Natchez, March 19, 1846.

Aug. 1-6mp.

## STEAM BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

The Great Western Steam Ship Co.'s steam ship the GREAT WESTERN, 1,700 tons, 450 horse power, B. R. Matthews, Esq., Commander; the GREAT BRITAIN, 3,900 tons, 1000 horse power, Lieut. James Hosken, R. N. Commander, are intended to sail as follows:

From Liverpool.			From New York.		
Saturday	-	11th April.	Thursday	-	7th May.
Saturday	-	30th May.	Thursday	-	25th June.
Saturday	-	26th July.	Thursday	-	20th Aug.
Saturday	-	12th Sept.	Thursday	-	8th Oct.
Saturday	-	31st Oct.	Thursday	-	26th Nov.
GREAT BRITAIN.			GREAT WESTERN.		
Saturday	-	9th May.	Saturday	-	6th June.
Tuesday	-	7th July.	Saturday	-	1st Aug.
Wednesday	-	26th Aug.	Tuesday	-	22d Sept.
Tuesday	-	20th Oct.	Tuesday	-	17th Nov.

Fare to Liverpool per Great Western, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee. Fare per Great Britain, according to the size and position of the state-rooms, plans of which may be seen at any of the Agencies.

For freight or passage or any other information, apply in New York to RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front st.

## TO BOSTON, via NEWPORT &amp; PROVIDENCE DIRECT.

The well-known and popular steamers MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND, of 1000 tons each, built expressly for Long Island Sound, and by their construction, great strength, and powerful engines, are especially adapted to its navigation, now leave each place regularly every afternoon except Sunday.

Passengers from Boston in the Mail Train take the steamer at Providence about 6 o'clock, P. M., and arrive in New York early the following morning. Those from New York leave Pier No. 1, Battery Place, at 5 P. M., reach Providence also early the next morning, and proceed in the Morning Train for Boston, after a comfortable night's rest on board the Steamer, (in private state rooms if desired), without either of Ferry or of being disturbed at Midnight to change from Boats to Cars, an annoyance so much complained of, especially by Ladies and Families travelling in other lines between New York and Boston.

The RHODE ISLAND, Capt. Winchester, leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Potter, leaves New York on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Boats, going and returning, will land at Newport, and this is now found to be the cheapest, most convenient, and expeditious route for Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford passengers.

For Passage, Berths, State Rooms, or Freight, application may be made in Boston, at Redding & Co., No. 8 State Street, and at the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In Providence, to the Agent at the Depot at India Point, and in New York of the Agents on the Wharf, and at the Office of the Company, No. 10 Battery Place.

Jly 4-6m.

J. T. WILLISTON,

DEALER IN WATCHES, (wholesale and retail),

No. 1 Courtland-st., (UP STAIRS), Cor. Broadway, New York.

ALL Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms.

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Nov. 8-ly.

## LAP-WELDED

## BOILER FLUES,

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1/2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER.

Can be obtained only of the Patentee,

THOS. PROSSER,

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## JOHNSON'S DRUG AND PERFUMERY STORE.

THIS place now belongs to Mr. HENRY JOHNSON, a partner in the late firm of A. B. Sands & Co. No establishment of the kind was ever more satisfactorily known,—situated in Broadway, cor. Chamber Street, (Granite Buildings),—and always copiously supplied with delicate Perfumeries of the choicest importation, toilet articles in large variety, pure Drugs and Medicines, &c. The fashionable resident and traveller will find at Johnson's a magnificent assortment, at a low cost.

Jly 11-4f.

## THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &amp;c., Imported and For Sale, (Wholesale and Retail), BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY.

1. THE PENNY MAGAZINE of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—Volume for 1845 is now complete. All the back volumes constantly on hand.

2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—It is unnecessary, in any announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopædia." To the purchasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to possess the complete Work, the Supplement has the incalculable advantage of exhibiting the march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete, and may be had bound in sheep, or in parts.

3. Also, THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—The name of the Penny Cyclopædia was derived from its original issue in a weekly sheet, when a work of much less magnitude was contemplated. From its commencement it has been supported by a great body of Contributors, eminent in their respective departments; and its articles, in many of the great branches of knowledge, are regarded as authorities, and have acquired celebrity, wherever the English language is read.—Complete and bound in 37 volumes sheep, or in 14 vols. 1-2 Russia.

Feb. 21-4f.

## FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &amp;c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N. Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOUQUETS of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird.

Ap. 20-4f.

## LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.

THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs.

Jly 4-ly.

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N. Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand.

July 7-ly.

## NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO SAIL from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depeyster,	Sept. 26.	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Trask,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCUUS,	Asa Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to E. K. COLLINS & Co., 36 South Street, N. Y., or to BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1/2 cents per single sheet, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the ROSCIUS, SIDDONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them.

My 24-4f.

## NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
WATERLOO,	W. H. Allen,	July 11.	Aug. 26.
JOHN R. SKIDDY,	James C. Luce,	Aug. 11.	Sept. 26.
STEPHEN WHITNEY,	C. W. Popham,	Sept. 11.	Oct. 26.
VIRGINIAN,	W. H. Parson,	Oct. 11.	July 26.

These ships are of the first class, and their accommodations are unsurpassed for elegance and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and interests of Importers. For freight or passage, apply to

ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

## NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N. Y., or to CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

My 31-4f.

## LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10.	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10.	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10.	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sehor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN &amp; Co., 78 South-st., or to JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

My 24-4f.

## OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:—

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	10, 10, 10.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	10, 10, 10.
Fidelity, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	10, 10, 10.
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16.	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	10, 10, 10.
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16.	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE &amp; Co., 64 South-st., or

C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., or

BARING, BROTHERS &amp; Co., Liverpool.